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Rolling Stone

EXCLUSIVE

Bob Dylan

Discusses His
Dark New
Masterpiece

How Voters
Can End the
War on Pot

MATT TAIBBI
Batman vs. Occupy

The Most
Racist Cop
in America

THE BIG SQUEEZE
The Guru
Who Turns
Hugs Into
Gold

**'BREAKING
BAD'**

Inside
TV's Most
Twisted
Show

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Arizona sheriff Joe Arpaio



Rick Ross, selling kingpin fantasies by the pound

ON THE COVER Bryan Cranston (left) and Aaron Paul, photographed at Mystery Mesa, Santa Clarita, California, on June 16th, 2012, by **Peter Yang**. Styling by Annie Psaltiras at the Wall Group. Grooming by Rosie Johnston at Exclusive Artists Management. Cranston's shirt by American Apparel, jeans by Levi's, jacket and belt by Chuck's Vintage. Paul's shirt and belt by Chuck's Vintage, pants by J Brand.

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GALLERY



A Flock of Seagulls

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Special New Wave edition! This month, ROLLING STONE catches up with the chart-toppers of 1982: Find out what A Flock of Seagulls, the Human League, Tommy Tutone, Men at Work and the Alan Parsons Project are up to these days.

PLAYLIST

THE BEST EDM ALBUMS OF ALL TIME

The records that laid the foundation of the current dance-music revival, starting Daft Punk, Underworld, the Chemical Brothers and many more.



Daft Punk

POLITICS



MITT ROMNEY'S WORST FLIP-FLOPS

A timeline of the Republican presidential nominee's most stunning, opportunistic reversals. Highlights: gay rights, abortion, global warming and his own health care bill!

WHO GOT IT RIGHT?

NEIL YOUNG'S 'AFTER THE GOLD RUSH'

Patti Smith and Thom Yorke have both covered Young's 1970 classic. Check out the two versions and vote for your favorite.



Thom vs. Patti



TV THERE WILL BE BLOOD

True Blood's Rutina Wesley speaks to ROLLING STONE about her character's transformation into a vampire.

QUIZ JIMI HENDRIX TRIVIA

What was Hendrix's first instrument? Which future rock & roller served as Hendrix's roadie? Test your knowledge.



LIVE SUMMER FESTIVALS

A guide to the biggest summer blowouts - from Outside Lands to the Gathering of the Juggalos.

POLITICS

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LOVE LETTERS
& ADVICE



New Dance Fever

DESPITE MY BROTHER performing electronic dance music in clubs all over Winnipeg, I had only basic knowledge of Deadmau5. After reading Josh Eells' well-written cover story ["Dance Madness," RS 1160/1161], I have a greater appreciation for both the EDM genre and Deadmau5. A very intelligent individual.

*Adam Peleshaty
Stonewall, Manitoba*

CALL ME OUT OF IT, BUT I couldn't care less about any of this EDM stuff. When exactly is that new Green Day album coming out again?

*Fran Hinshillwood
Blackwood, NJ*

AS A LIFETIME SUBSCRIBER TO ROLLING STONE and someone who appreciates all forms of music, I found the feature on EDM very interesting, especially the Deadmau5

piece. I have to wonder if my rock heroes along the journey also acted this smug. Probably so, and maybe worse.

Dennis Kline, Irvine, CA

EDM, GREEN DAY, PHISH, Louis C.K., James Murphy, Rachel Maddow, Jimmy Cliff and Matt Taibbi - all in one issue! Seems impossible that targeting the tastes of a single individual could be profitable, but I am nevertheless grateful.

Alan Breslauer, Los Angeles

Banksters

HATS OFF TO MATT TAIBBI for "The Scam Wall Street Learned From the Mafia" [RS 1160/1161]. Excellent work. Matt mentioned public stoning - I say, surround the crooks' houses and starve 'em out.

David Stowell, Chicago

TAIBBI'S PIECE DOESN'T even scratch the surface of the filth, greed and corruption that have driven us into a depression, even as rich men prosper. When is enough enough?

Ralph Brubaker, Duncannon, PA

TAIBBI'S EXCELLENT reporting shows that Wall Street greed and the fall of American society go hand in hand.

Cathy Hamilton, via the Internet

Free Fall

THANKS TO JEFF TIETZ FOR his remarkable, cleareyed portrait of the true impact of the

economic collapse on the middle class ["The Fallen," RS 1160/1161]. We think homelessness and long-term unemployment will never happen to us, but many are just a few unlucky breaks away from the worst-case scenario.

Carol Katarsky, Philadelphia

THE JUXTAPOSITION OF your features on Deadmau5 and "The Fallen" is why I subscribe to RS. Reading about families overjoyed to find public restrooms with showers after I'd just gotten to know an ungrateful 31-year-old who makes six figures an hour to "push a lot of buttons" knocked me on my ass. Warn

"I have to wonder if my rock heroes along the journey also acted this smug. Probably so, and maybe worse."

me the next time you're going to provide that powerful a perspective, will ya?

Kate Troesch, San Francisco

IT BREAKS MY HEART TO SEE hardworking Americans living like this. I normally don't agree with most of ROLLING STONE's politics, but this issue transcends any political affiliation. Both parties have let these people down. I will never again look at someone asking for help on a street corner in the same way.

Scott Cook, via the Internet

Maddow's Might

BEN WALLACE-WELLS' PIECE "Rachel Maddow's Quiet War" [RS 1160/1161] was great. Maddow is a beacon of unwavering journalistic strength, someone fighting not just for Democrats and liberals but for a greater and better humanity. Plus, she does a fantastic "Cocktail Moment" every Friday.

Scott W. Oliver, Gorham, ME

KUDOS FOR THE RACHEL Maddow story. She's been my hero for a while. I love her views and the passion she has for her work. Maddow was hot in high school, and she's still hot.

Clay Jackson, Austin

Cliff's Trip

JONATHAN RINGEN'S PIECE on Jimmy Cliff ["The Cosmic Journey of Jimmy Cliff," RS 1160/1161] was exactly the kind of article I like to see in ROLLING STONE. More of that, please.

*Kyrce Culbertson
Rosemary Beach, FL*

THANKS FOR THE INCREDIBLE article on Jimmy Cliff. I had the pleasure of seeing him live and hearing him sing "Many Rivers" - the memory still sends chills up my spine. As for the cover story, the EDM craze will fade. If it's still around in 10 years, I'll eat the ears off Deadmau5's head.

John Chernesky, Valencia, CA

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What They're Saying

The buzz about "The Wall Street Mafia" [RS 1160/1161]

MATT TAIBBI'S STORY ON THE recent municipal-bond bid-rigging trial ["The Scam Wall Street Learned From the Mafia," RS 1160/1161] went viral with both financial and political bloggers. *The New York Observer* praised its "thrilling reportage," and reporter Cate Long at Reuters lauded it for helping to "broaden public understanding of this sorry scheme,



which has defrauded municipal entities." Financial blogger Larry Doyle called it "a must-read commentary that pulls back the cloak on the bribes, bid rigging and collusion within the municipal finance markets." During an interview with

Taibbi, Bill Moyers described the piece as "a chilling exposé" that describes "a corrupt financial and political system."



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THE PLAYLIST

OUR FAVORITE SONGS, ALBUMS AND VIDEOS RIGHT NOW

1. Jack White

"Freedom at 21" video

In the badass video for his overproof riff machine – directed by hip-hop clip king Hype Williams – JW leads police on a high-speed car chase, only to be manhandled by a foxy lady cop after his capture. If Diddy and Tarantino teamed up on a movie, this could be the trailer.

2. Gaslight Anthem

"Handwritten"

The title track of the Jersey crew's great new disc is a headlong rush of crisp chords and shout-along hooks: "Pull it out, turn it up, what's your favorite song?" holders frontman Brian Fallon. This week, it might totally be this one!

3. Kendrick Lamar

"Swimming Pools (Drank)"

Who's got the gin and juice? Compton's hottest new MC unspools tricky rhymes about getting wasted over a rumbling beat on his party-starter of a single.



4. Frank Ocean

"Forrest Gump"

Need proof that Ocean (left) deserved all the attention he got for coming out? Check this! Who else could make an ode to America's favorite half-wit hero so damn sexy?

5. Jeff the Brotherhood

Hypnotic Nights

Let there be fuzz! On their joy ride of a new album, the Nashville garage duo (and Jack White buds) crank it to 11 and keep it there. Heavy!

6. Flying Lotus

"Between Friends"

The mad beat scientist gets lyrical assists from surly Odd Future MC Earl Sweatshirt and a mysterious rapper called Captain Murphy on this megablunted groove.

7. Rick Ross, Dr. Dre and Jay-Z

"3 Kings"

Three generations of rap royalty gather for a historic brag session on this blazing highlight of the year's biggest hip-hop event, Ross' new *God Forgives, I Don't*.



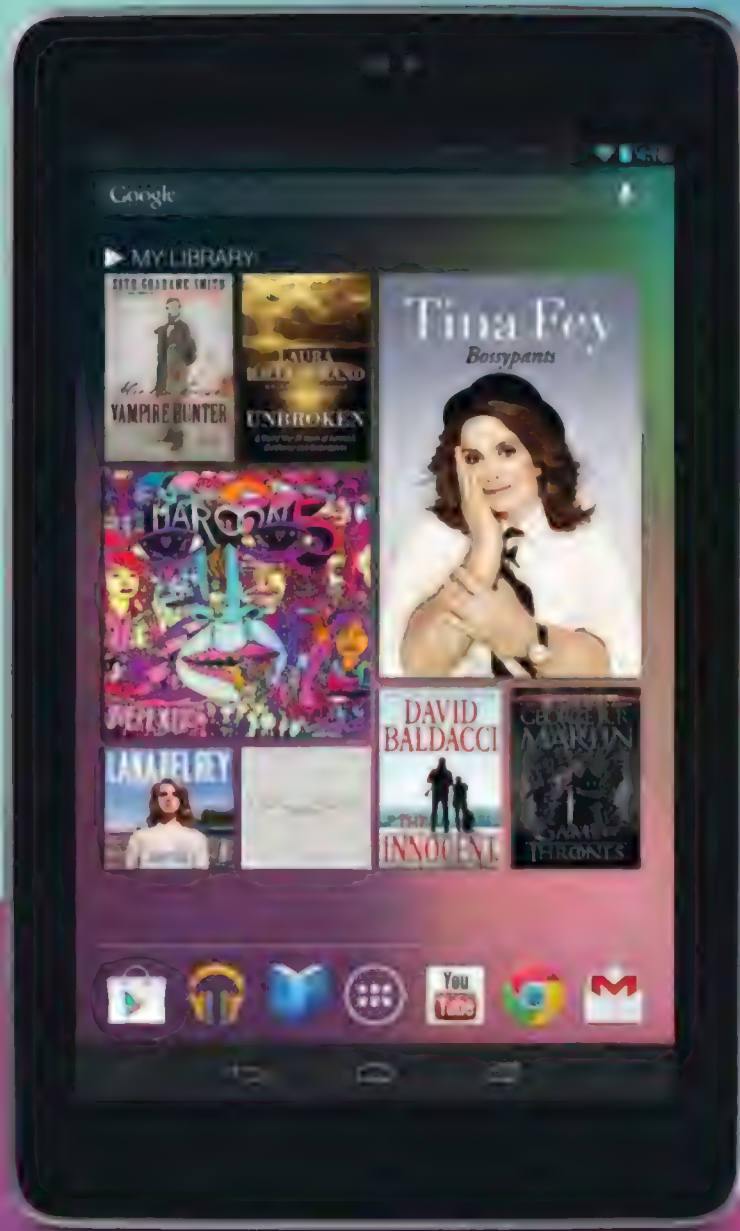
8. The English Beat

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A vibrant red carpet is shown, heavily littered with confetti and the remains of several broken shoes. In the upper center, a green sneaker with a white sole lies on its side. To its right, a purple shoe is partially visible. Further right, a black and white checkered sneaker is broken into several pieces. The overall scene suggests a chaotic and messy event, contrasting with the typical glamour of a red carpet.

**SHOES ARE BORING
WEAR SNEAKERS**

TRIBUTE: DAN AYKROYD
REMEMBERS TOM DAVIS PG. 16

Q&A: WILL FERRELL TALKS
POLITICAL COMEDY PG. 34

Rolling Stone

**VISIONS OF
'TITANIC'**
Dylan's new LP
includes an epic
ballad about the
1912 disaster.

EXCLUSIVE

Bob Dylan on His Dark New LP

Dylan breaks down his apocalyptic
(and sometimes sweet) 35th studio
LP, *Tempest* By Mikal Gilmore

BOB DYLAN DESCRIBES "TEMPEST," HIS 35th studio album (out September 11th), as a record where "anything goes and you just gotta believe it will make sense." But it isn't the record he set out to make. "I wanted to make something more religious," he says. "I just didn't have enough [religious songs]. Intentionally, specifically religious songs is what I wanted to do. That takes a lot more concentration - [Cont. on 16]

KEVIN MAZUR/WIREIMAGE

BOB DYLAN

[Cont. from 15] to pull that off 10 times with the same thread – than it does with a record like I ended up with.”

The “anything goes” album he ended up with is full of big stories, big endings and transfixing effect. The disc was recorded in Jackson Browne’s studio in L.A. with Dylan’s touring band – bassist Tony Garnier, drummer George G. Receli, steel guitarist Donnie Herron, and guitarists Charlie Sexton and Stu Kimball – as well as David Hidalgo on guitar, violin and accordion. “Tin Angel” is a devastating tale of a man in search of his lost love; the doleful “Soon After Midnight” seems to be about love (but maybe it’s revenge); the vengeful “Pay in Blood” has Dylan darkly repeating, “I pay in blood, but not my own.” Tenderness finally seals *Tempest*, in “Roll On, John,” Dylan’s heartfelt tribute to his friend John Lennon.

The title track is a nearly 14-minute depiction of the *Titanic* disaster. Numerous folk and gospel songs gave accounts of the event, including the Carter Family’s “The Titanic,” which Dylan drew from. “I was just fooling with that one night,” he says. “I liked that melody – I liked it a lot. ‘Maybe I’m gonna

appropriate this melody.’ But where would I go with it?” Elements of Dylan’s vision of the *Titanic* are familiar – historical figures, the inescapable finality. But it’s not all grounded in fact: The ship’s decks are places of madness (“Brother rose up against brother. They fought and slaughtered each other”), and even Leonardo DiCaprio appears. (“Yeah, Leo,” says Dylan. “I don’t think the song would be the same without him. Or the movie.”) “People are going to say, ‘Well, it’s not very truthful,’” says Dylan. “But a songwriter doesn’t care about what’s truthful. What he cares about is what should’ve happened, what could’ve happened. That’s its own kind of truth. It’s like people who read Shakespeare plays, but they never see a Shakespeare play. I think they just use his name.”

Dylan’s mention of Shakespeare raises a question. The playwright’s final work was called *The Tempest*, and some have already asked: Is Dylan’s *Tempest* intended as a last work by the now 71-year-old artist? Dylan is dismissive of the suggestion. “Shakespeare’s last play was called *The Tempest*. It wasn’t called just plain *Tempest*. The name of my record is just plain *Tempest*. It’s two different titles.”

“A songwriter doesn’t care about what’s truthful,” Dylan says of the title track.

TRIBUTE

Tom Davis, Classic ‘SNL’ Funnyman

One of Saturday Night Live’s biggest-ever stars remembers his friend and writing partner **BY DAN AYKROYD**

Tom Davis and his comedy partner Al Franken were two of the first writers hired by “Saturday Night Live” in 1975. In sketches from the Coneheads to parodies of Nixon, their mix of hippie absurdism and Middle American satire defined the show’s early years, bringing the Sixties counterculture into Seventies living rooms. Davis died of cancer at 59 on July 19th at his home in Hudson, New York, leaving behind one of comedy’s great rule-breaking legacies. “No one saw things the way that Tom did,” said “SNL” creator Lorne Michaels.

I MET TOM DAVIS IN THE late summer of ’75, when I came to New York for the second audition that I was required to go through for *Saturday Night Live*. Lorne wasn’t sure about hiring me. But Al Franken and Tom stepped right up to lobby for me. I stayed with them in their apartment on the Upper West Side, which belonged to Franken’s grandmother, who had been an opera singer. Tom and I became friends almost instantly.

Tom was a qualified hippie of the era. He was a good friend of Tim Leary’s, a great friend of Jerry Garcia and the Dead. Tom and Jerry collaborated on an adaptation of *The Sirens of Titan*, the Kurt Vonnegut book, and [Dead drummer] Bill Kreutzmann has the original Coneheads saucer. But you wouldn’t expect a qualified hippie to bring discipline, focus, organization, a lack of frivolousness to the work process. He had a great ear for the way Americans spoke and walked and processed things. The Coneheads were grounded in the reality of the American suburbs. Tom was very oriented toward human feelings. In the Nixon piece, when Nixon goes to his knees, you feel sorry for him. Tom was all for knocking down authority figures and holding them up for ridicule, but in everything he wrote, there

was this wonderful, human, almost pathetic sensibility.

In the early years of the show, we had a little money so we traveled. One time we came back into the country from South America and Tom had some cocaine on him, bought for \$35 a gram. Of course, he really wanted to bring that back into the country. When the customs guy in L.A. opened up our suitcases, he found



FUNNY PEOPLE Jane Curtin, Franken, Davis and Gilda Radner (top); Curtin and Aykroyd as Coneheads.



a dozen llama fetuses – llama feti – which Tom had purchased from the witches in the market in Bolivia. The customs guy

took a look at that and started to check him for other stuff. So, Tom did this amazing dance, like a toreador, up on his toes, with his two hands above his head as if he was going to plunge knives in the back of a bull. And while he was doing this, the cocaine came out of the envelope and sprinkled all over the floor. And of course, they didn’t catch him.

That was just one adventure. We traveled everywhere, drove everywhere. He often closed the Blues Bar with me, and when I began to travel and do concerts and lectures and things like that, Tom was my writer. I lost a friend. I lost a runnin’ buddy. I lost a compadre, and I lost my writing partner.



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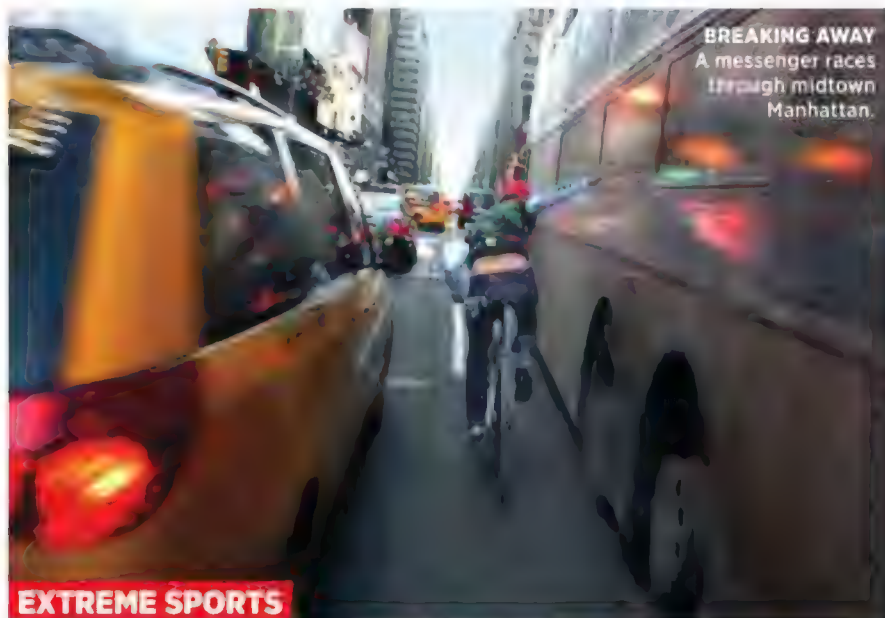
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BREAKING AWAY
A messenger races
through midtown
Manhattan.

EXTREME SPORTS

Bicycle Suicide!

Lucas Brunelle might be the gnarliest bike videographer in the world. Want proof? Check his badass new DVD, *Line of Sight*, which takes you deep into the world of underground messenger races – thanks to a pair of helmet-mounted cameras that catch the action in cities from New York and Mexico City to Tokyo. In the secret events, called alleycat races, couriers speed between checkpoints at 40 miles per hour. “It’s the most dangerous form of racing in the world,” Brunelle says. “And probably the most underappreciated.”

Grateful Dead Open Vault, Discover Late-Era Brilliance

LUST OBJECT New 18-disc box documents the band’s epic, high-octane spring 1990 tour

ON MARCH 14TH, 1990, THE Grateful Dead opened a six-city tour at the Capital Centre in Landover, Maryland. Singer-guitarist Bob Weir remembers that sprint as “the high point of that era.” The following July, keyboard player Brent Mydland suffered a fatal drug overdose – and in 1995, lead guitarist Jerry Garcia died of a heart attack, effectively ending the band. But in 1990, “We were hot, feeling our oats and

surprising each other onstage,” Weir recalls. “The jams had personality and space. We were in good shape and had nothing better to do than get down on the music.”

The proof officially arrives September 1st in an 18-CD box, *Spring 1990*. The \$200 set features six complete concerts. The set lists are drawn from every era, and aside from a few tracks, the shows are previously unissued. “The mainstream was catching on,” drummer Mickey Hart says (after the Top 10 success of 1987’s “Touch of Grey”). “But pressure never worked for us. The idea was to keep that away, to get an intimate bond onstage.” **DAVID FRICKE**



Garcia
onstage
in 1990



HOT SOUND

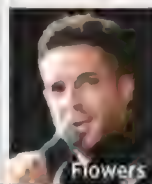
AIM FOR BRUCE, HIT BON JOVI

Call it Bruce Jovi: What happens when a young band tries for “Born to Run” but ends up with “Bad Medicine”

Say you’re a young rocker. You love Springsteen, you love America, and you’ve driven through parts of New Jersey. You pick up that acoustic guitar. What could go wrong? Two words: Bruce Jovi. It’s the sound of cruising Thunder Road while missing the sign that says Slippery When Wet. Killers frontman Brandon Flowers has credited Springsteen with helping him discover “my America.” But check the big-haired synths on the Killers’ new single “Runaways.” And those lyrics? If Bruce ever wrote “I swore on the head of our unborn child that I could take care of the three of us/But I got the tendency to slip when the nights get wild,” he’d retire to Connecticut and get into dressage. Singer-songwriters like



The Gaslight
Anthem



Ryan Adams and Jesse Malin can get Bruce Jovial. But the biggest practitioners may be the Gaslight Anthem. Frontman Brian Fallon is a Springsteen freak who grew up near Asbury Park, yet on Gaslight’s new LP he more closely resembles a different son of Jersey; “Mulholland Drive,” with its big chorus and cornball lyrics about dreams and pounding hearts, is practically a talk-box solo away from “Livin’ on a Prayer.” None of this is a crime against rock & roll. It just shows you that sometimes a trip through Jungland ends at the mall. **JON DOLAN**

Northbound

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CLOSE-UP

The Coolest Girl in Hollywood

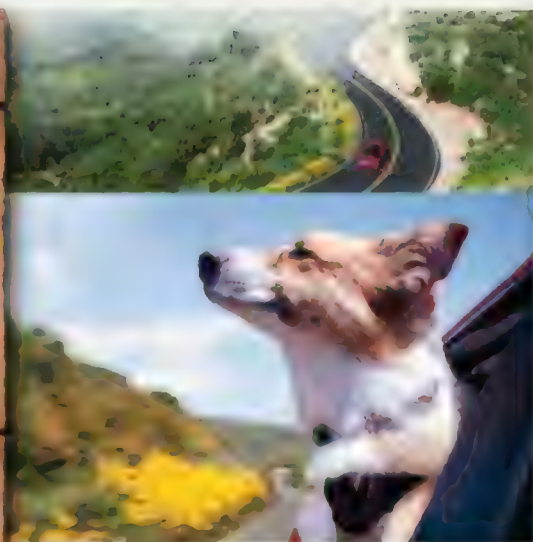
Rashida Jones rules *Parks and Rec* and stars in a movie she wrote. Is there anything she can't do?

WHEN QUINCY JONES IS YOUR dad, you're a Harvard grad and you look like *this* in a pair of sparkly jeans, life tends to be good. Over the past decade, Rashida Jones, 36, has starred in movies from *The Social Network* to *Our Idiot Brother*; lit up some of the funniest shows on TV [Cont. on 22]

DAVID S. JEFFERSON / RUNK ARCHIVE

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toyota.com/camry



TOYOTA

RASHIDA JONES

[Cont. from 20] (*The Office*, *Parks and Recreation*); and occupied her free time with envy-making hobbies like singing with Maroon 5. So when she got sick of lame screenplays ("Have these people ever even said these words out loud?" she asks in an excellent exasperated tone), Jones decided it was time to write her own.

In the hilarious, totally unsappy romantic comedy *Celeste and Jesse Forever*—which stars Jones and Andy Samberg—Jones' screenplay (written with Will McCormack) impresses with the way it flips typical rom-com tropes. The stars play a couple who have filed for divorce before the movie begins; Jones' character devolves from driven career woman to depressed loser who endures a

"My dad encouraged me to be good at more than one thing," Jones says.

doofus date furiously masturbating on top of her. (Midway through the movie, she begins regularly hitting a bong so gigantic it would give Tommy Chong pause.) "We didn't want it adorable and quirky," she says. "We wanted her to really lose her shit."

It's not surprising Jones had the confidence to knock out a killer script. After all, she was raised in showbiz. "My Friday-night party was going to the taping of the [Quincy-produced] *Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*," she says. "Between every take we'd get up and dance."

Parks and Rec might pull a fraction of the numbers that *Fresh Prince* did 20 years ago, but it's widely regarded as one of TV's funniest sitcoms. "It's amazing we're still on," Jones says. "We've been on the bubble the entire time we've been on the air." But even if it did end, Jones would find plenty to do: "My dad always encouraged me to be good at more than one thing in entertainment. There's something about splitting your energy that takes the pressure off one thing, and it allows you to create something on your own." **ANDY GREENE**

Nineties Survivors Hit Nostalgia Circuit

Party like it's 1997: Everclear, Gin Blossoms, Sugar Ray and more break out Clinton-era hits at the biggest alt-rock retro bash ever



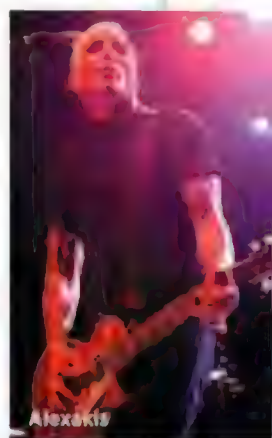
EVERCLEAR FRONTMAN ART ALEXAKIS stopped short just as the band was launching into its 1995 hit "Heroin Girl" at New York's Roseland Ballroom on July 18th. "I love a pit like the next guy," he said, pointing out some slam-dancers up front. "But this isn't the Nineties."

But it totally was! Summerland—a package tour of Nineties alt-rock heroes dreamed up by Alexakis—seems designed to make the Clinton years feel so fun and inclusive even Hillary

could look back on them fondly. Every band on the bill thrived in that weird moment when the indie-rock-inscribed idealism of the Nirvana Era faded into Top 40 populism. Openers Marcy Playground busted out 1997's "Sex and Candy," which turned Cobain-ian mumbling into bubblegum; *American Pie*-punks Lit followed with a set that made Green Day's suburban angst seem like a day at the beach; the Gin Blossoms turned the Replacements' beer-crunked pathos into tambourine-shaking gold; and Sugar Ray superham Mark McGrath, decked out in a white tux, called up fans for an impromptu karaoke contest (the winners got Dishwalla and Collective Soul T-shirts). "I see a tit at a Sugar Ray show!" McGrath cracked as he eyed the crowd. "I haven't seen one of those since 1999."

One of the great things about Nineties alt-rock was its total inability to fit neatly into prescribed convention, even when it tried. Fittingly, the night ended with a swaying all-hands-on-deck sing-along to one of Everclear's biggest smashes, 1995's "Santa Monica"—a good-time, party-on rocker about suicide.

JON DOLAN



LOST ROCKER FOUND

"You wanna know the secret of life?" asked cult Detroit singer-songwriter Rodriguez at a recent gig. "Just keep breathing." The great new documentary *Searching for Sugar Man* tells Rodriguez's story: the two lost-classic LPs he recorded before vanishing in the early 1970s; how, unbeknownst to the singer, his music helped fuel the anti-apartheid movement in South Africa; the fans there who eventually tracked him down, kicking off an unlikely blast of late-career success. Says director Malik Bendjelloul, "It's the best story I ever heard." **MIKE RUBIN**

LEFT: KIM FROM TOP: BRIAN HINELINE, 2. ZOHARY HUENBACH, ZOHARY HUENBACH.COM

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MATT TAIBBI

Batman Shrugged

THE DARK KNIGHT RISES" IS an awesomely entertaining movie. Imagine if you mated Ayn Rand and Steven Spielberg, then mated the offspring with an adolescent orangutan with an anger problem, then asked that offspring to write a three-hour feature-film script entirely in its own drool. Who wouldn't be curious to see how that movie turned out?

The film doesn't disappoint, despite its "message," which one could almost describe as a Hitlerian whack-off fantasy about an unfairly maligned billionaire who sneaks out at night in bondage masks and Kevlar underpants and uses secret military technology to beat the living shit out of the Occupy movement. Most of the "messaging" in this direction is so idiotic that it goes way over the edge into unintentional comedy—like when Bruce Wayne loses his money and discovers the true meaning of poverty (he answers his own doorbell), or when *Batman Begins* villain Cillian Murphy appears in a cameo to run the neo-Soviet show trials that naturally begin as soon as our billionaire protector is expelled from Gotham.

A superhero used to be a lovable Everyman, a humble nerd in glasses who came from a hick town in Kansas. A spider bites him, or he discovers a glowing green phallus in his barn, and suddenly he realizes, as every person growing up naturally does, that he has within himself the extraordinary power to change the world.

The old superheroes always learned to use those powers to protect the many against the evil few, and when they took off their masks, they were content to be schmoes who stammered around girls and had to watch in silence while other guys drove hot rods and scored touchdowns.

The new Batman is just the opposite. He's a brooding, self-serious douche who lives in a mansion, drives a Lamborghini and acts like he can't even imagine wanting to get laid, unless it somehow helps him fulfill his mission of protecting Gotham from its lurking proletarian criminality. He isn't one of us at all—in fact, he would resent the very idea. (Ironic, because of all the superheroes, he's the only one who's a regular human being under the mask.) Moreover, he's basically always depressed—this Dark Knight could smoke a pound of weed and watch a championship midget pillow fight without cracking a smile—and not because some Mary Jane or Lois Lane ignores him. What depresses the Batman is *us*: our decadence, our disobedience, our refusal to appreciate and treasure the gifts of civilization given to us by noblesse oblige types like his father. We suck so much that when *Rises* starts, Batman is in the eighth year of a self-imposed, *Atlas Shrugged*-ian strike, refusing to leave his mansion until we stop blaming him for all of our problems. America used to be a fun place, a happy place. But now, even in our summer blockbusters, it shows: We're a long way from Chris Reeve pulling a cat out of a tree.

This Batman is a brooding douche who acts like he can't imagine getting laid.

low fight without cracking a smile—and not because some Mary Jane or Lois Lane ignores him. What depresses the Batman is *us*: our decadence, our disobedience, our refusal to appreciate and treasure the gifts of civilization given to us by noblesse oblige types like his father. We suck so much that when *Rises* starts, Batman is in the eighth year of a self-imposed, *Atlas Shrugged*-ian strike, refusing to leave his mansion until we stop blaming him for all of our problems. America used to be a fun place, a happy place. But now, even in our summer blockbusters, it shows: We're a long way from Chris Reeve pulling a cat out of a tree.

THE WATCH LIST

BEST OF SUMMER TV

Boss

Fridays, 9 p.m., Starz

Some people think that Kelsey Grammer peaked on *Frasier*, others prefer *Cheers*, but in so many ways, his real peak was *Real Housewives of Beverly Hills*. Every time he got near his loathsome ex-wife, he recoiled from her with a King Lear grimace. Grammer brings that same OTT sourness to *Boss*.

Returning for a second season as corrupt Chicago mayor Tom Kane, Grammer has no criminal charisma—he's just grumpy that being crooked is so much work. Usually sleaze-ball politicians on TV have a dash of glamour.

The authentic achievement of *Boss* is the way Grammer gives the sweaty sense that bad politics is just another grind.



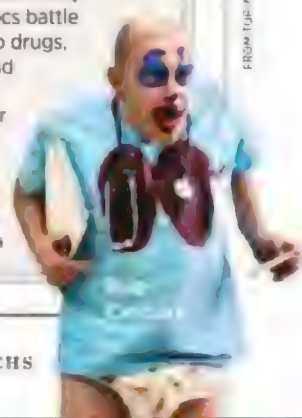
Childrens Hospital

Thursdays, midnight,

Adult Swim

Childrens Hospital does to sitcoms what the Ramones did to prog. Each 10-minute episode is a blitzkrieg-bop joke barrage, as these doctors deal with important issues like oral sex ("I want you to get me mouth-pregnant!") and women who look like Ray Liotta ("She's totes Liotes"). Rob Corddry heads an all-star team that includes Megan Mullally and Henry Winkler, and the new season keeps standards admirably low: The docs battle amnesia, do drugs, have sex and interrupt gall-bladder surgery by debating whether to eat the kid.

ROB SHEFFIELD



FROM TOP: WATCH JENNIFER LIGHTFOOT/TELEVISION; ADULT SWIM

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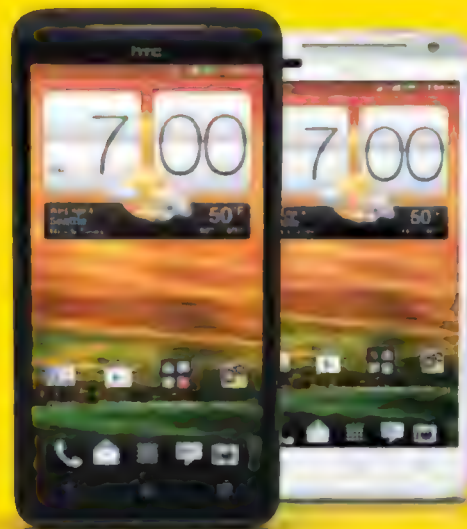
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The Final Faceoff

The votes are in, and you've chosen the two finalists in our Women Who Rock contest. Next stop: An onstage showdown at the Rolling Stone Rock Room during Lollapalooza. The prize: A starring role in a special issue of RS this fall!



Karmin

"WE PRETTY MUCH FREAKED OUT," KARMIN SINGER Amy Heidemann says of the moment she learned that the pop duo made it to the last round of ROLLING STONE'S Women Who Rock contest. "This is a huge deal." Adds her fiancé, Karmin vocalist and multi-instrumentalist Nick Noonan, "I had resorted to physically accosting people in public to get them to vote for us." The couple can't wait for Lollapalooza. Says Heidemann, "We take every opportunity to perform as if it's the biggest stage we've been on." In the meantime, they'll be promoting their new single, the club groove "Hello." "It tells the story of the whirlwind ride we've been on – from meeting in college in Boston to our ascent into Hollywood," Heidemann says. "In just one calendar year, we've gone from making YouTube covers in our living room to here!"

MATT DIEHL

vs.



Rita Ora

RITA ORA COULDN'T BE MORE PSYCHED ABOUT LAND-ING an opening slot on Coldplay's European stadium run this summer. "I jump around a lot during my set, and I slipped recently," she says with a laugh. "I just pretended it was part of the show and carried on singing." After top-ping U.K. charts with her Drake-penned heartbreak ode "R.I.P.," the Kosovo-born, West London-raised pop singer is aiming to conquer the U.S. with her debut album, due out this fall on Jay-Z's Roc Nation label. Winning this contest would be a big boost: "Having that Women Who Rock title from ROLLING STONE would be such a great feeling," she says. But despite all her success so far, she's mindful of her boss's advice. "Jay-Z told me to be patient," she says. "He told me to be ready to put the work in and let things run their course, and I am."

STACEY ANDERSON

VOTE NOW!

Find all you need to know about the finalists – interviews, performances, videos and more – by heading to rollingstone.com/womenwhorock. Then cast your vote by September 10th!

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THE PENNZOIL® ROADIE DIARIES

THIS SUMMER, PENNZOIL® wanted to celebrate the love we all have for our cars by hitting the road with Tim McGraw on the Brothers of the Sun Tour. One lucky fan and her friend got behind the wheel and experienced the ultimate road trip. Danielle Bowers, an amateur concert photographer and writer, was that lucky fan, who then blogged about the trip and her love of the open road for the Pennzoil® Roadie Diaries. For 10 days, the Roadies drove interstate lanes and country highways, discovering notable music venues, decadent BBQ joints, even Tim's hometown. Their final pit stop was in Dallas, where they met the artist face-to-face.

FOR MORE EXCLUSIVE CONTENT FROM TIM MCGRAW VISIT [FACEBOOK.COM/PENNZOIL](https://www.facebook.com/pennzoil)

SAT. JUNE 2 / Tampa, FL

The Roadies started their trip in Tampa, where they mingled with other concert-goers for the first stop on the Brothers of the Sun tour. It was hot outside, but the real heat came from inside once Tim took to the stage!



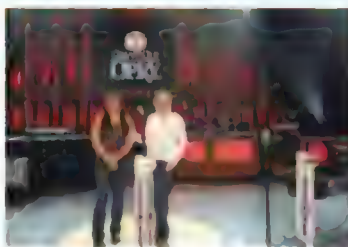
SUN. JUNE 3 / Atlanta, GA

What'll Ya'll Have? A visit to The Varsity, the world's largest drive-in restaurant gave the Roadies some much needed nourishment in the form of chili dogs and peach pies.



MONDAY, JUNE 4 / Nashville, TN

The Ryman Auditorium boasts 100+ years of music history and countless acts across its stage. The Roadies took to that storied stage and belted out some country music favorites.



TUESDAY, JUNE 5 / Nashville, TN

Truly hallowed ground: The Roadies stand center stage on the hardwood that has seen the likes of countless country music hopefuls and superstars for the past 87 years.



WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6 / Memphis, TN

The home of the King, the Roadies enjoyed a grand private tour of Graceland. Highlights included everything from the infamous Jungle Room, the racquetball court full of Gold and Platinum records and Elvis' personal jet.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6 /

Memphis, TN

All this sightseeing meant the Roadies worked up an appetite. Enter Corky's BBQ, home of world-famous dry rub ribs. Nothing better than a slab of those ribs.



TIM MCGRAW RD

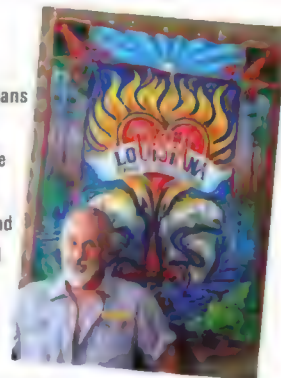
THURSDAY, JUNE 7 / Start, LA

A couple hundred miles of asphalt later, the road trip continued to Start, LA which gave the Roadies a taste of Tim's Louisiana roots. They visited Tim's childhood home and admired the numerous facilities he has helped build within the community for future generations to enjoy.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9 /

New Orleans, LA

A cultural pit stop in New Orleans brought the Roadies to the doorstep of Tim Neil, a notable NOLA artist and painter. He showed off his home studio and explained the meaning behind some of his newest pieces.



WEDNESDAY JUNE 13 / Dallas, TX

After a few thousand miles of driving, rich meals, and long nights blogging, the tour culmination in Dallas was all worth it. The Roadies got to spend time with Tim McGraw before he hit the stage to tell him all about their trip.



CHECK OUT MORE HIGHLIGHTS AT THE
PENNZOIL® ROADIE DIARIES BLOG—
[ROLLINGSTONE.COM/PENNZOILROADIE](https://www.rollingstone.com/pennzoilroadie)

"CARS ARE A BIG PART OF
MY MUSIC, BECAUSE THEY'RE
A BIG PART OF MY LIFE."

-TIM MCGRAW

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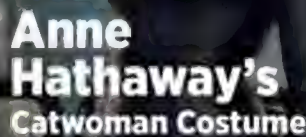
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*Based on engine cleanliness tests. See www.pennzoil.com/longlovecars for more information.

HEAT INDEX According to science, the summer of 2012 has been the hottest, like, ever. But what about according to awesomeness? We created our own totally-not-scientific Summer Heat Index – ranking everything from Catwoman’s costume (hotter than July!) to Kim and Kanye (cold like November rain!). Autumn, you better step up!

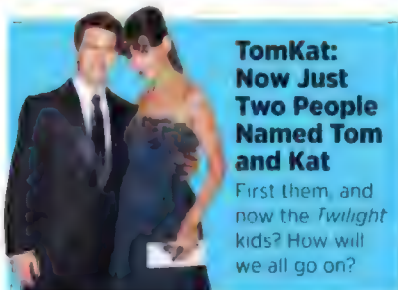


The hottest thing about the hottest movie of the summer! We were so impressed we bought leather jumpsuits for the entire staff. Bad idea.



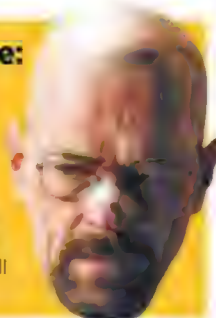
Hey, ladies! The most sexually potent Texan since LBJ (what?) stole *Magic Mike* the way he stole *Dazed and Confused* way back in '93. Next up: another big-deal role, in the new *Killer Joe*.

True, 21 Jump Street was rad. But another Spider-Man? Total Recall? Turning a kids' game into a crap Rihanna flick? Hollywood, you sunk our battleship.

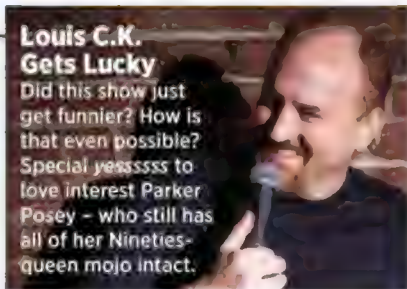


First them, and now the *Twilight* kids? How will

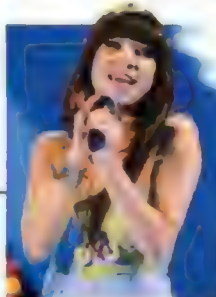
Holy moly, this guy isn't just breaking bad in the show's fifth season – he's breaking straight on through to the dark side of the Force. All hail Darth Walt!



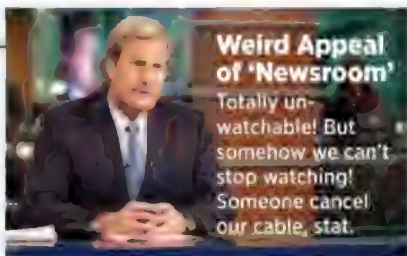
Did this show just get funnier? How is that even possible? Special yeasssss to love interest Parker Posey - who still has all of her Nineties-queen mojo intact.



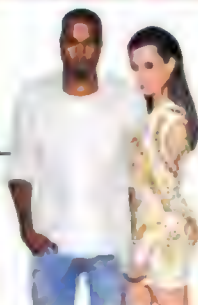
"Call Me Maybe" seemed adorable when we thought CRJ was Bieber's age. But once you know she's old enough to be his math teacher? Not as cute.



Totally un-
watchable! But
somehow we can't
stop watching!
Someone cancel
our cable, stat.



If you thought *Keeping Up With the Kardashians* couldn't get weirder, check out Yeezy chilling at Chez K and doling out fashion tips. Weird, right?



QUESTION: My girlfriend and I got into an argument after watching a recent *Louie* episode in which this came up: If a chick gives a guy a seemingly no-strings-attached blow job in her car, is he obligated to return the favor?

-David, New York

ANSWER: Look, if the guy waxes and polishes himself every day while the girl smells like a bag of anchovies in an old shoe, then, no, I don't think he has any obligation to repay the favor. But if some poor girl has done the honors even though her boyfriend's got enough cheese down his pants to start a Papa John's franchise, then there's no excuse – end of story.

QUESTION: I live in Los Angeles and am seriously bummed about all the marijuana dispensaries being closed down. Can you recommend an alternative (legal) high?
—Felicia, California

-Felicia, California

ANSWER: Well, you can roll just about anything in a spliff if you put your mind to it. Me and Bill Ward from Black Sabbath once tried to smoke 72 bananas, for example. We were in Switzerland and didn't know any pot dealers in the area. So we got all these bananas, cooked 'em up on the barbecue and rolled them into joints. They didn't get us high, mind you. The rolling paper was so soggy we couldn't even set fire to the fucking things.

QUESTION: Is it possible to get "jock itch" in your ass? I'm totally serious. It's like someone lit a fire down there.

-Kevin, Louisiana

ANSWER: There's a fungal highway that runs from your ass to your jelly sack – ask anyone who's spent a lot of time in hot places wearing leather trousers. So, yeah, it could definitely be a case of mutant ball fire. Or it could be something else. Unfortunately there's only one way to find out for sure, and it involves showing your doctor a view he ain't gonna enjoy.

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A black and white photograph of a concert stage. In the background, a band is performing. In the foreground, three red streamers are draped diagonally across the frame. The top streamer has the word "MADE" on it, the middle one has "IN", and the bottom one has "PEARL JAM".

 *Budweiser*
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PEARL JAM

JAY Z

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JANELLE MONAE PRINCE ROYCE RITA ORA SAVOY
THE KNOCKS AND MORE TO BE ANNOUNCED...



BROUGHT TOGETHER IN SUPPORT OF UNITED WAY

Will Ferrell

On his new political comedy, 'The Campaign,' the 'Anchorman' sequel and why dinner is funny

By Jonah Weiner

MOVE OVER, RICK SANTORUM'S sweater vests! The funniest thing to emerge from the 2012 electoral season is the new Will Ferrell-Zach Galifianakis comedy, *The Campaign*, about two Southern politicians warring fiercely over a congressional seat. Ferrell, squarely in his sweet spot, portrays the blustery, buffoonish incumbent—the kind of guy who pays lip service to “guns and Jesus” during stump speeches before shagging a blond constituent in a porta-potty. It's also Ferrell's most gloriously filthy performance since his butt-naked suburban jog in *Old School*. Calling in from New York, he breaks down making politics funny, what it felt like to punch a baby onscreen, the upcoming *Anchorman* sequel and why he still savors any chance he gets to alienate audiences.

The villains in *The Campaign* are satirical versions of the Koch brothers, the Tea Party-backing billionaires. In your last movie, *Casa de Mi Padre*, the bad guy was a corrupt American DEA agent. It seems important to you to embed some real-world critiques within all the absurdity.

Comedy is an important tool for us to constantly look at ourselves, and to be aware that we've got a lot of things we need to fix. I've always found it fascinating, that attitude of “USA! Number One! We're the best!” That always needs to be kept in check, and to be made fun of. It's a funny, ridiculous attitude. Even for as big as China's getting, as an economic power and this and that, I doubt they have the arrogance that we do.

Is that related to your love of playing arrogant, preening buffoons?

Absolutely. Even as a kid, when I was on the playground, the cocky kid always fascinated me. I always wanted to be a defender of the not-so-cocky kid.

Two of the funniest scenes in *The Campaign* involve profane family dinners, which echo the classic “grace” scene in *Talladega Nights*. Why are family dinners so funny?

Technically speaking, dinner scenes are advantageous to comedy because it's a place where the movie can slow down and you can see and listen to all the characters. And then, I don't know, there's just some-

thing innately funny and awkward about saying horrible, inappropriate things while you eat dinner. It's just a perfect juxtaposition.

One of the biggest laughs in the movie comes when your character punches a baby after a debate. Were you worried people might not find that idea funny?

Anyone in comedy who says they know that something is gonna work is full of shit. That said, I would have bet everything that that joke would work. We had people going, “I don't know about this, you can't punch a baby.”

But I knew it was the ultimate metaphor for how crazy politics is getting. In the end, it was all in how we showed it: the fact that we did it in slo-mo, almost like HD footage from an HBO fight, with the ripples on the baby's face and the flying pacifier. That was how we'd win with a joke like that. Just make it insane.

You've been prepping an *Anchorman* sequel. What's the latest?

We're currently banging out the script. Paul Rudd and Steve Carell have commitments through, like, January, so we'll start at some point after then. We watched *Anchorman* a couple months ago, prior to writing, and it was making us laugh, but we were like, “God, it's raggedy!” I think that's the charm of the movie—it was nonconformist and seemed to kind of go any direction it wanted. So I think this will be our main criteria: If we get to a point with the script and go, “This just doesn't feel crazy enough,” we'll go back and make sure it has that “What the hell are they doing?” factor. That's where the joy comes from.

A lot of comedians follow a career path where they'll start with idiosyncratic work, then, as they get more popular, transition toward tamer, “family-friendly” comedy. That doesn't seem like it's happening with you.

As long as I have some capital left in the business, I'd like to use it in interesting ways. Not to knock those other types of movies, but yeah, I still want to make things where I potentially turn off part of the audience.

When I run out of capital, I'll start driving a UPS truck.

Who's funnier: Zach Galifianakis or Michele Bachmann?

Michele Bachmann's husband.





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AUGUST 17 CAMDEN, NJ
AUGUST 19 ATLANTA, GA

AUGUST 21 DETROIT, MI
AUGUST 22 CINCINNATI, OH
AUGUST 24 CHICAGO, IL

AUGUST 25 INDIANAPOLIS, IN
AUGUST 27 DALLAS, TX
AUGUST 28 HOUSTON, TX

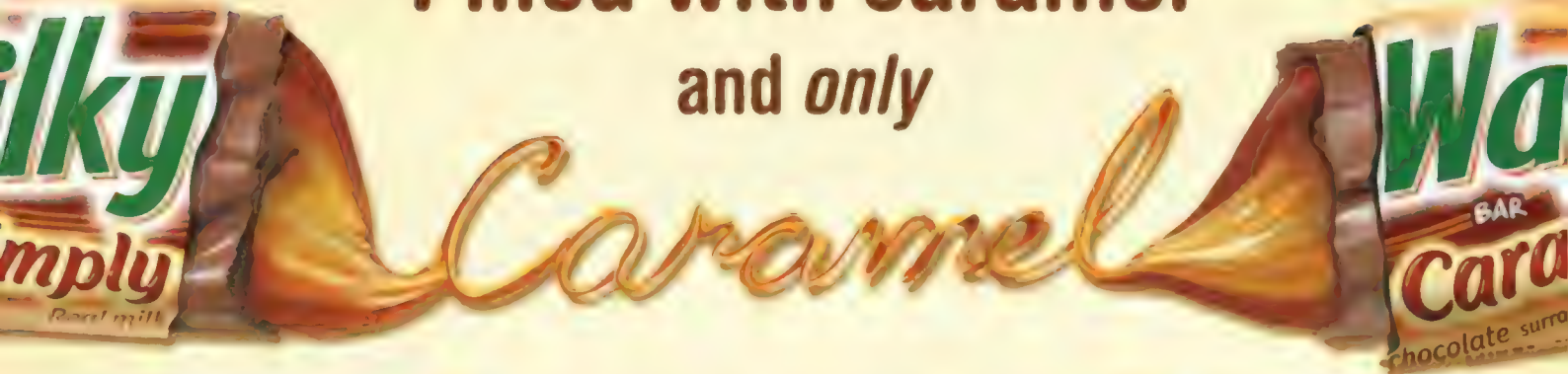
AUGUST 30 DENVER, CO
SEPTEMBER 5 TACOMA, WA
SEPTEMBER 7 MOUNTAIN VIEW, CA

SEPTEMBER 9 LOS ANGELES, CA
SEPTEMBER 10 SAN DIEGO, CA

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"I'll be coming out as gay to promote my next bluegrass album, then return to straight." —Steve Martin

Random Notes



Beachgoers discovered a purple-spotted party creature on the sand: The rare Redfoot.

Endless Summer

Scientists estimate that the world's temperature has climbed 1.4 degrees Fahrenheit in recent decades, but for rockers it's even hotter. In July, Elton John and LMFAO hooked up in St. Tropez; Rihanna took tonight and Kim and Kanye kept it local at West Coast Amusement Park.



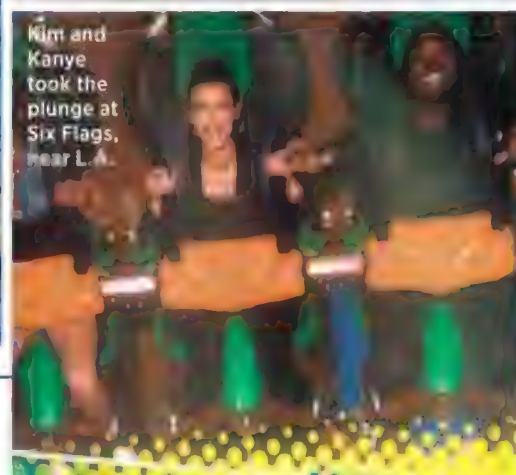
Elton crocodile-rocked on a St. Tropez dock.



Matt Bellamy and Kate Hudson were unfazed by New York's steamy July heat wave.



No hands! Rihanna found love on a Jet Ski in the French Riviera.



Kim and Kanye took the plunge at Six Flags, near L.A.

Turn Off That Racket!

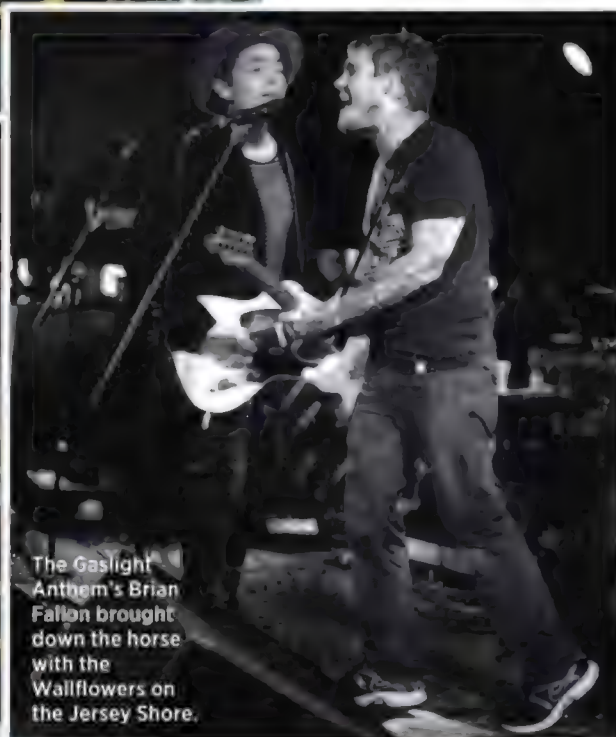
"I've been waiting 50 years for this!" Bruce Springsteen told 80,000 fans at London's Hyde Park, inviting Paul McCartney onstage to tear through "I Saw Her Standing There." Then all hell broke loose when officials pulled the plug on the band right as it finished "Twist and Shout," enraging fans. Days later in Dublin, Bruce had the last laugh, bringing a giant prop plug up on the stage and playing "I Fought the Law."



Cover me: Macca and Bruce twist and shout in London.



In London, Paul Simon and Jimmy Cliff rocked steady on "The Harder They Come."



The Gaslight Anthem's Brian Fallon brought down the horse with the Wallflowers on the Jersey Shore.



FOR PETE'S SAKE
In New York, Pete Seeger, 93, took a break from chopping wood and kicking ass to sign his new memoir.



ART ROCKER
In Umbria, Patti Smith visited St. Francis' tomb, where she pitched in, restoring a fresco by Giotto.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: GIOVANNI CAN TANO/REX USA; JOHN CAVANAUGH, SAN FRANCISCO; RANDY GATES; DENNIS VAN TINE/ABACUS/CONTOUR; GRIFFITH/REX USA

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Money Down the Tube

Guess who's profiting most from Super PACs? Hint: It's not Mitt Romney By Tim Dickinson

CANDIDATES MAY raise the unprecedented sums of political cash being funneled through Super PACs this year, and media strategists may decide how to spend them—but the people who actually wind up pocketing much of the money are America's television broadcasters. Since the Supreme Court voided limits on political donations in *Citizens United*, more money than ever is being devoted to negative TV ads. Industry analysts predict that upwards of \$3 billion will be spent on political advertising this year—a surge of more than \$500 million over 2008.

"Election season has turned into Black Friday for broadcasters," says Bill Allison of the Sunlight Foundation, which fights for transparency in elections. "It's just a huge bonanza."

While TV stations are required by law to offer discounted airtime to politicians, Super PACs have to pay market rates. With these outside groups ex-

pected to buy more than half the ads benefiting the Romney campaign, the increased competition to place ads in battleground states only serves to drive up the price. In a key market like Columbus, Ohio, where campaign spots are already airing at a record pace, the ad buys are expected to exceed the haul from 2008, when political ads made up half of all TV spots purchased during the final week of the election.

In essence, broadcasters are now profiteering from a vicious circle of corruption: Politicians are beholden to big donors because campaigns are so expensive, and campaigns are so expensive because they're fought through television ads. The more cash that chases limited airtime, the more the ads will cost, and the more politicians must lean on deep-pocketed patrons. In short, the dirtier the system, the better for the bottom line at TV stations and cable systems. According to an analysis by Moody's, political

ads are expected to account for as much as seven cents of every dollar broadcasters earn over the full two-year election cycle for 2012.

The influx of political cash also means that TV news divisions have what Allison calls a "huge conflict of interest" when it comes to reporting on campaign finance. The profit motive stifles critical coverage of top donors and meaningful reforms, such as public financing

Political ads will account for up to seven cents of every dollar that TV earns during the election.

of elections. "Broadcasters have an incentive not to see the system changed," he says.

But while there's no hope of curbing campaign spending in the near term, a new FCC rule could soon give the public real-

time data about who is profiting from the Super PAC marathon. In April, the commission ruled that affiliates of ABC, CBS, NBC and Fox in the nation's 50 biggest markets must post their revenue from political ads online, for all to see. (Such records have long been public—just inaccessible, kept in paper form in files at each station.) The reform would help expose some of the "dark money" spending by mega-donors like the Koch brothers, but it's only a modest start: Many communities in battleground states—like Fort Myers, Florida, and Reno, Nevada—are located in smaller markets that are not covered by the new rule. A study by the Campaign Media Analysis Group suggests that at least 40 percent of spending on over-the-airwaves presidential ads may remain exempt from disclosure.

But the rule's shortcomings haven't kept broadcasters and their GOP allies from going all out to stop it. In June, Republicans on the House Financial

Services Subcommittee voted to block disclosure and enable donors to operate in secrecy. And on July 10th, the National Association of Broadcasters filed an emergency motion to postpone the rule, arguing that it will allow cable and other competitors to undercut their business. "Shifting even a small percentage of this advertising away from television," the NAB confessed, would cost TV stations "millions of dollars in revenue."

The rule is scheduled to go into effect in August - but the NAB move could delay it until well after the election. One bright spot: Time Warner has voluntarily begun posting online records of its political ad buys, even though the new FCC rule doesn't apply to cable companies. Its records are not sortable by dollar amounts - so the public can't quickly tally how much money the Obama campaign is spending on, say, ESPN2. But voters can now examine individual ad buys. In Columbus, for example, Karl Rove's Crossroads GPS, one of the largest and most notorious dark-money groups, has booked three daytime ads to run on Fox News during the last week of October. The spots may be designed to aid Romney and the GOP, but Time Warner will enjoy a tidy bit of political profiteering: The cable company is charging \$24 per ad - a staggering 12 times what the same ads would have cost in May.

Keystone Moves North

Obama may have stopped the U.S. pipeline, but now the fight has shifted to Canada - and Big Oil is losing By Jeff Goodell

WHEN PRESIDENT Obama halted the Keystone XL pipeline last January, Canadian prime minister Stephen Harper revved up an alternative scheme to deliver oil from the tar sands of northern Alberta to the international market: Sell the oil to the Chinese. Within weeks, Harper was traveling to China to personally court Chinese president Hu Jintao and push a new route for the pipeline - one that would establish Canada as a leading petro-state, a kind of North American Saudi Arabia with ice hockey.

There was only one problem with Harper's grand scheme: Canadians, it turns out, don't want a new pipeline any more than Americans do.

ExxonMobil, Koch Industries and other oil giants currently produce some 1.6 million barrels of oil a day from the tar sands in northern Alberta. The oil - it's more of an acidic, corrosive goo - is expensive to extract, dangerous to trans-

port and more damaging to the climate than conventional oil. The problem is, the oil companies want to triple their production over the next 20 years - but existing pipelines will reach full capacity in only three years. And if you can't move the oil, you can't sell it. "Alberta is just like Texas," says Keith Stewart, climate and energy campaign coordinator for Greenpeace Canada, "except it's landlocked."

Keystone represented the most profitable route to move the oil to sea, traversing 2,480 miles on the way to the Gulf Coast. But now that Keystone

of oil would be forced to navigate a treacherous, rocky passage - conditions that practically ensure another mishap like the *Exxon Valdez*.

Harper began pushing for the new pipeline the minute Obama put the brakes on Keystone in January. Expressing his "profound disappointment" over Obama's decision, the prime minister insisted that getting a new pipeline built is in Canada's "national interest." Enbridge, a Canadian pipeline company, launched a campaign to sell the public on Northern Gateway, running ads on TV and in movie theaters that said, "It's more than a pipeline. It's a path to our future."

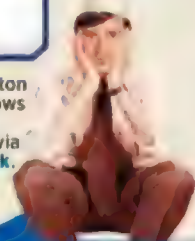
Harper also went after those who oppose the pipeline. Days before Obama's decision on Keystone, Harper's minister for natural resources was denouncing "environmental and other radical groups" who "hijack" regulatory bodies and "use funding from foreign special interest groups to undermine Canada's national economic interest." Just to make sure environmentalists got the message, Harper issued a budget that gutted protections for endangered species and pushed through new laws requiring nonprofit groups to "provide more information on their po-

The firm pushing the new pipeline was responsible for the most costly inland oil spill in U.S. history.

is on hold, pending further environmental review, Canada is pushing for a new route called the Northern Gateway, which would cut through three major watersheds in western Canada and turn the fragile coast of British Columbia into a bustling tanker port. Under the plan, hundreds of tankers loaded with up to 2 million barrels



Washington state allows voters to register via Facebook.



Global IQ tests show women now smarter than men.



1,600 turtles escape, very slowly, from a Georgia farm.



Attorney General Eric Holder calls restrictive voter-ID laws a "poll tax."



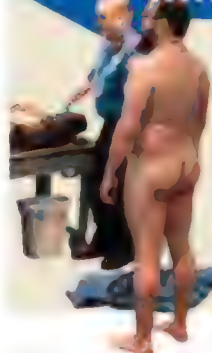
Royal austerity: Spanish king takes seven percent pay cut.



Consumer Financial Protection Bureau hits Capital One with \$210 million penalty.



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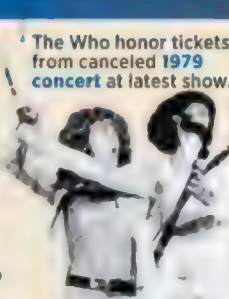
Judge rules that stripping naked to protest TSA searches is "free speech."



Pentagon OKs troops marching in uniform at San Diego pride parade.



Penn State tears down Joe Paterno statue.



The Who honor tickets from canceled 1979 concert at latest show.



FDA bans BPA in baby bottles.

New measurement doubles length of Great Wall.



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PIPE DREAM
Alberta's tar sands
contain enough carbon
to wreck the climate.

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Rep. Steve King introduces bill to **ban same-sex weddings** on military bases.

W. recaps his presidency: "Eight years was **awesome**, and I was famous and I was powerful."

Online: **High-capacity ammo**

Obama **punching bags**

George Zimmerman calls his killing of Trayvon Martin "**God's plan.**"

One-percenter **Mark Zuckerberg** gets one percent mortgage rate.

AGAINST US

Triathlete bitten 25 times by **crazed otter.**

Global elite hiding **\$21 trillion** in tax havens.

Ann Romney: "We've given all **you people** need to know and understand about our financial situation."

Yale **bans free speech** at new Singapore campus.

Iceberg **twice the size of Manhattan** splits from Greenland.

Poverty rate on track to **surpass 1965.**

One-third of America in severe or extreme drought.

| ROLLING STONE | 43

Are Voters Going to Pot?

Ballot measures in three states could strike a dramatic blow against the federal War on Drugs

By Tim Dickinson

THIS SUMMER, IN AN apparent effort to signal progressive voters that Barack Obama is finally ready to end the War on Drugs, the White House leaked word that the president considers the four-decade-long crackdown to be a "failure." If re-elected, aides indicated, Obama would seek to reform the drug war during his second term.

But the president's words are directly contradicted by his actions. Rather than honor his '08 campaign promise to respect states' rights when it comes to medical marijuana, Obama has continued to escalate his own war on pot. In July, federal prosecutors moved to seize the property of Harborside, the largest medical-marijuana dispensary in California, even though its operation is sanctioned under state law. "This represents a significant escalation of the war on

medical-marijuana patients," says Tamar Todd, senior attorney for the Drug Policy Alliance, "and a complete repudiation of the promise President Obama made." In Colorado, similar threats have shuttered nearly 50 medical-pot shops this year alone.

Fed up with the president's hypocrisy on medical marijuana, three Western states are poised to take matters into their own hands. In November, voters in Colorado, Washington and Oregon will all weigh in on ballot initiatives to legalize and tax marijuana use for adults, much the way states regulate alcohol and cigarettes. Each of the initiatives would license facilities for growing, distributing and selling pot to those over 21; they would also tax marijuana sales, earmarking a portion of the revenues for school construction or youth drug prevention.

Unlike past efforts to end prohibition at the ballot box, the new initiatives actually appear likely to become law—a prospect that drug reformers call "the tipping joint." In Colorado, the latest poll shows that voters favor the Regulate

to slash the state's bill for police and prisons by up to \$60 million a year, while generating more than \$140 million in annual tax revenues.

Passage of the initiatives would be like "removing the first brick from the Berlin Wall of prohibition," says Tom Angell, a spokesman for the drug-reform group Law Enforcement Against Prohibition. If the three Western states follow the lead of California—where personal marijuana use was decriminalized by the legislature in 2010—more than 53 million citizens could soon be living in states that sanction adults to smoke pot.

"Ending alcohol prohibition took the states acting with courage and outrage," says Norm Stamper, who preceded Obama drug czar Gil Kerlikowske as chief of police in Seattle. "Washington, Oregon and Colorado will be confronting the federal government head-on."

A LEGAL JOINT The Harborside dispensary



Marijuana Like Alcohol Act by a margin of 61 to 27 percent. In Washington, an initiative to establish a network of tightly regulated pot stores is ahead by 55 to 32 percent. And in Oregon, the Cannabis Tax Act—which just qualified for the ballot in July—promises

Q&A

James Carville

The former Clinton strategist on Obama, Romney and his new book, *It's the Middle Class, Stupid!*

What's the biggest mistake of Obama's first four years?

Message. Look at the stimulus. If they woulda said, "We're gonna start rebuilding America," it would have gotten overwhelming support. But if you say we're going to do this so we can "stimulate the economy" and "achieve an escape trajectory," it ain't the same sort of power

You did a lot of focus groups for your book. Do voters believe Obama has a solution for the middle class?

The big problem is if you say, "We need the government to do X, Y and Z," people say, "The government's already bought off by the banks and polluters and insurance companies." That's

why reform has got to be part of the agenda. Otherwise the Koch brothers can go out and buy the government, then turn around and say, "Ha-ha! It's bought. It can't do you any good. So just let us run wild." It's as brilliant as it is cynical.

The most concrete proposal Obama has made to bolster the middle class is to continue the Bush tax cuts for people earning less than \$250,000. Is this the best he can do?

This is what they call in baseball a "titty-high fastball." You bet-

ter swing at it. Is it going to turn the entire economy around? Of course not. But ending the tax cuts for higher earners would save 700-and-something billion dollars over 10 years. If there are 20 things you have to do to help, this is clearly one.

Romney is taking it on the chin about his tax returns and outsourcing. Why isn't he hitting back?

He can't! They've made a conclusion: that the cure is worse than the disease. I guarantee you Romney is saying to his team, "You talked me into this. I'd have been better off never releasing my 2011 returns." He could have said, "It's the business of the American people how I spend their money, not how I spend my money."

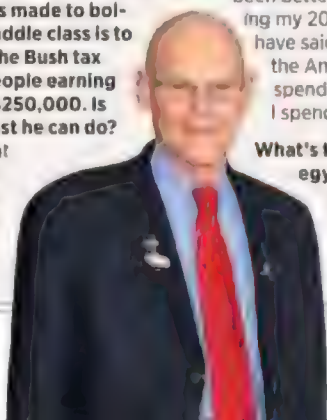
What's the Republican strategy at this point?

The reason you see *Citizens United* and all these voter-restricting ID laws is

simple: This is the Republicans' last shot. Look at every part of the electorate that's growing: nonwhites, unmarried, educated women—you name it, they're all part of the Democratic coalition. It's a coming demographic disaster for Republicans. That's why they're so determined to change who votes and the way you raise money. It's like [veteran GOP strategist] Ed Rollins said, "The problem with our party is it's too old, too white and too fat."

Politics have become so polarized. Does James Carville share some of the blame?

Sure. If you say, "You were on *Crossfire*, you got in this shouting match"—fair enough. A bigger culprit is that the tremendous variety of information that's available to people now has actually made the country narrower. No one listens to Rush Limbaugh to find out what's going on. They listen to find out that they're right. If you want to, you can sit there and be validated all day. You don't have to be informed. **T.D.**





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CHEMICAL BROTHERS

INSIDE THE OBSESSIVE-COMPULSIVE SOUL
OF 'BREAKING BAD,' THE MOST TWISTED
SHOW ON TELEVISION BY BRIAN HIATT

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER YANG





WHAT WORK
Bryan Cranston and
Aaron Paul destroy
the evidence in
Hueco

WALTER WHITE IS STARING AT ME.

He doesn't like what he sees. It's just before midnight, and we're facing off in the dusty shadows of an Albuquerque, New Mexico, parking lot, between rows of white trailers. "You chicken?" he asks, freshly razored scalp gleaming under a distant streetlight. "You a scaredy-cat?" He's not even Walter now – he's his alter ego, meth kingpin Heisenberg, and in his pitiless blue eyes, I'm everything weak and human and in the way: I might as well be Jesse Pinkman, yo.

The moment passes, and he smiles under his sinister goatee. His eyes defrost. The spell breaks. He's just Bryan Cranston, an avuncular 56-year-old actor at the end of another 13-hour day of playing what he calls "the role of my life," the one that's won him three Emmys and counting. He emerged a couple of minutes ago from one of the production trailers, where he changed from Walter's unstylish khakis, button-down and Clark Wallabee shoes into his own slim-fit dark jeans, leather high-top PF Flyers sneakers and polo shirt.

We're heading to a bar about a mile away, and he's trying to goad me into taking a helmetless ride on the back of his *Quattrophenia*-ready silver Vespa scooter (a gift from the show's producers) – and in the process, giving me a taste of Walter White's persuasive powers. "It's started to rub off on me," he says, in his calming, actorly baritone. "You know, it's great to see how much you can intimidate just by lowering your voice and giving a stare. And it's like, mostly people back off."

Breaking Bad is, at its core, a story of transformation – unlike nearly every character in the history of television, Walter White is changing beyond recognition over

the show's 62 episodes. It's less a character arc than a plunge down a moral elevator shaft. As show creator Vince Gilligan routinely puts it, Walt is going from Mr. Chips to Scarface – from a meek, defeated high school chemistry teacher to a vicious criminal: Last season, he went so far as to poison a child. "Bryan can pull off anything," says Aaron Paul, who plays White's unlikely partner, the wounded-eyed hip-hop-damaged slacker Jesse Pinkman (the show is also an extended, bizarre buddy-movie riff). "I mean, he does so many horrible things and yet the fans are still like, 'Yeah, Walt! Fucking poison that kid! You're dying of cancer. I understand!'"

Adds Gilligan, "You can have a main character like Walter White or Tony Soprano or Don Draper, someone who does questionable things, but since they are the protagonist you can't help but see the world of the show more or less through their eyes. Sometimes I liken it almost to a Stockholm syndrome, where you as the viewer start to see things as they do, which is a danger when you're talking about a guy as warped as Walter White."

After Cranston accepted the role, he started asking people if there was a prior example of such a radical TV-character change – and one friend came up with the only known example: "Fonzie started out as a badass," says Cranston. "And he became, like, 'Hey, Mrs. C.' So this is the reverse Fonzie."

With its endless paranoia, *Breaking Bad* is like the frantic final minutes of *Goodfellas* stretched over six seasons of television. It's a desert fever dream about a doomed America – though few nightmares have such clockworklike plot construction. Its tone is distinctly less naturalistic and its situations less plausible than other greatest-show-ever contenders (*The Sopranos*, *Mad Men*, *The Wire*). "We're obsessed with coming up with moments that people won't soon forget," says Gilligan, who spent seven years as a writer for *The X-Files*. "And sometimes they border on the operatic or perhaps on the hyperreal, if not surreal. It's all about showmanship."

He's referring, presumably, to the image of Walt's nemesis Gus Fring calmly adjusting his tie with half of his face blown off, or a purple, one-eyed stuffed animal diving

into Walt's swimming pool from a crashed plane, or a decapitated head strapped to a tortoise and rigged with explosives. It's the show's pulpy DNA – and Gilligan's twisted sense of humor – that makes *Breaking Bad* so much deranged fun. "The two shows share something," says *X-Files* creator Chris Carter, who had Gilligan write some of that show's funniest and weirdest episodes. "They both start with outrageous concepts: an FBI agent chasing aliens and a high school chemistry teacher who becomes a meth dealer? Both outrageous." The meth is out there.

In any case, if Walter White – or even his closest nonfictional analog – wants you to get on a scooter without a helmet, you just do it. We chug along, and everything we pass feels like it could be on the show, probably because much of it is: We cruise Ron Peterson Firearms, Ace Cash Express, De Anza Motor Lodge (where Walter found out about the birth of his daughter) and Octopus Carwash (Walter and his wife, Skyler, bought a nearby franchise – given a different name on the show – to launder their drug money). Cranston takes a deep breath as we approach a traffic light. The blazing sun is long gone, and the air is cool and clean. "It's a beautiful night," he says. The light turns green, and Cranston, who spent two years of the Seventies on an *Easy Rider*-style motorcycle trip, hits the gas. "What could go wrong?" he says, chuckling, as the pavement speeds by at an alarming rate.

Before this trip, Gilligan had offered some safety tips for Albuquerque, though he failed to account for this particular scenario: "Put your sunscreen on. You'll get the hell burnt out of you there, and if you haven't been out in high altitude in a while, you'll wake up at night and gasp. Any time someone offers you a bottle of water, drink it. There's no worse headache in the world than a dehydrated headache." He paused, and looked at me seriously: "You could die out there!" Then he laughed for a long time.

CRANSTON STEERS HIS VESPA safely to an Irish pub named O'Niell's, where we're meeting Aaron Paul for drinks. Paul wrapped for the season tonight, and he's ready to celebrate – later, we're headed to the casino. "Bryan's being a pussy and won't come," says Paul, 32, who is wearing jeans and a green T-shirt with the word RENTAL on it (it's from a line that reproduces shirts worn by rock stars – in this case, Frank Zappa). "You can quote me on that." Despite a 24-year age difference, Paul and Cranston are genuinely close – they're even planning a double date with Cranston's wife and Paul's fiancée to see Sigur Rós in L.A. in August.

Heads turn as we make our way toward the backyard patio, which would offer a mountain view if it wasn't so dark out. The

"BRYAN CAN PULL OFF ANYTHING," SAYS PAUL. "HE DOES SO MANY HORRIBLE THINGS AND THE FANS ARE STILL LIKE, 'YEAH, WALT! POISON THAT KID!'"

Senior writer BRIAN HIATT wrote the Adam Yauch cover story in RS 1158.

sparse, college-y crowd murmurs, almost as one, "*Breaking Bad*" – as far as the cast members can tell, every single resident of Albuquerque watches the show, which portrays the town as half suburban refuge, half method-out hellhole.

But some people take it more personally than others: We order beers from a waitress, but a male staffer – a beefy dude with sad eyes – shows up with them instead. "I love y'all's show," he says, depositing our beers on the table (Paul told the waitress to "bring me whatever you like – but it has to be good"; Cranston ordered a Guinness). "But I don't watch it too much 'cause I'm a recovered addict and I have nightmares. I've been clean for five years. Y'all's show shows a lot of truth of some things. It's a little sugarcoated, though."

"If you don't mind me asking, clean from what?" Paul asks.

The answer, it emerges, is crystal meth. Cranston asks him how he got clean.

"I went to a Christian ministry that builds houses in Juárez and evangelized for about a year. I ate, slept and drank God. Rehab didn't work. It didn't work for me. You just meet better drug buddies – you guys want a round of waters?"

He returns later with our check. "It was awesome meeting y'all – can I ask, did y'all go to acting school to do this show?"

"I just learn off of him," says Paul.

"I was sold into the business as a baby," says Cranston.

"Hey, yo, I was just curious, man," the waiter replies. "Y'all's show shows a lot of truth."

They leave the guy a \$20 tip – though Cranston can't resist a bleak joke. "We're giving him meth money," he says.

A WEEK EARLIER, GILLIGAN is sitting in the middle seat of the middle row in a screening room ensconced in a Burbank studio lot, 800 miles west of Albuquerque. He's wearing pale dad jeans, New Balance running shoes and a black T-shirt. He, too, could be safely cast as a high school chemistry teacher. Today, he's working on the sound for season five's second episode, and giving editing notes for episode three, even as he remotely supervises the production of episode seven, which is shooting in Albuquerque. Beneath his half-rimless glasses, his eyes are slightly bloodshot with exhaustion. "They'll show me photos of wardrobe that shoots tomorrow and I'll say, 'I don't like the guy's boots,' or whatever, and we'll try and find some others. It's wearying, but it's never boring, because you get to be the Sun King a little. There's 300 people out there, saying, 'What do you think of this?' all day long, and then I'll be like Nero. Thumbs up or thumbs down."

Gilligan is, to say the least, known for his attention to detail – or as one crew member puts it, with fondness, he's a "complete and total control freak." Everyone tends to cite the example of the toenail polish Skyler wore in a season-three scene where she consummates an affair with her ill-fated boss, Ted – we see her feet in a close-up on the heated floors of his bathroom. Gilligan spent at least half an hour pondering the color – Anna Gunn, who plays Skyler, thinks it may have taken considerably long-

yellow legal pad. Now, he's delivering his notes to them in his Southern drawl (part Slim Pickens, part Bill Clinton), which he claims has softened since he left Virginia for Hollywood in the Nineties. "Great job as always," he says, before starting a list of changes that will take as long to deliver as it did to watch the entire episode. First, he praises and then gently eliminates an entire piece of music that Porter wrote, an ominous swell that signals Jesse's unease as he ponders the absence of a poi-



America's Top Chefs

Above: Jesse (Paul) and Walter (Cranston) head back to the lab to cook up some meth in season five. Left: Gilligan directs Cranston on the set. As one crew member puts it, Gilligan is a "complete and total control freak."

sonous cigarette from last season. "It tells the audience how to feel emotionally, which is not something we like to do on this show," he tells me later.

There's much more: various doors close too loudly or too softly; you can hear birds chirping in one scene ("When I hear birds, it just makes everything feel like it's happy"); a bed creak "sounds vaguely fart"; two characters are discussing killing people far too loudly. His final note relates to a creepy sex scene between Walt and Skyler. "When Walt pulls off his underpants, I don't hear anything," he says. "More underpants peeling off!"

At one point, someone says that most people won't notice any of this, that they're unlikely to have the kind of astounding sound system that's in this room. "I don't give a shit," Gilligan says. "Someday everyone's gonna hear it like this – that's all I care about." ("People think I'm nicer than I am," he says later. "I fake it pretty well.")

Not long ago, Gilligan and Holly Rice, his longtime girlfriend, were renovating their bathroom, and everything looked fine to Rice. "In about five minutes, Vince pointed out probably 10 tiles that needed to be adjusted," she recalls. "I told him I'm surprised he didn't become a watchmaker."

Gilligan and his team, including music director Thomas Golubic and composer Dave Porter, just sat and watched all of episode two in silence on an enormous screen as he scribbled slanted notes on a

BREAKING FOR DINNER, GILLIGAN and I head off to another, empty soundstage to talk. He pours us each a shot or so of Maker's Mark, and he picks at a pile of fried stuff that he identifies as corn fritters. "I don't eat that well," he says. "I don't sleep that well. And I probably, you know, drink a little more than I used to just to help me sleep. I mean, that's another reason this show probably does need to come to an end." (When Cranston became a producer on *Breaking Bad* last season, he made it his mission to "protect Vince from himself" — which means leaving him out of as many minor decisions as possible.)

Gilligan, 45, grew up in a small Virginia town — his mom was a teacher, his dad an insurance adjuster. From the moment he saw *Star Wars*, he knew what he wanted to do with his life: make movies. His initial love was special effects. "I wanted to build my own version of C-3PO or R2-D2. All through high school I was staying at home on weekends making spaceships and movies in my basement and molding my own face in plaster with the help of my little brother," he says. "I never went to my prom. I was doing all that shit instead. I had a very stunted social life in high school, but I guess it paid dividends."

He wasn't a cool, goth-y nerd — instead, he was the kind who made his own Spock uniform out of a sweatshirt, complete with Starfleet emblem, and then actually wore the thing to high school. "It was a cool school, and I base that on the fact that no one ever actually beat me up. I was begging for it, man! Someone should have kicked my ass." He pauses. "Just kidding."

He also was playing *Dungeons & Dragons*, reading lots of Kurt Vonnegut and Ray Bradbury, and setting off "little bombs" in his backyard that could be heard throughout the neighborhood — "the kind of stuff they'd put a bag over your head and send you to Guantánamo Bay for now." He got into NYU's film school with an application that included a film he'd made called *Henaissance* — which told the tale of a man who slowly turned into a chicken. "Always that theme of transformation!" he says.

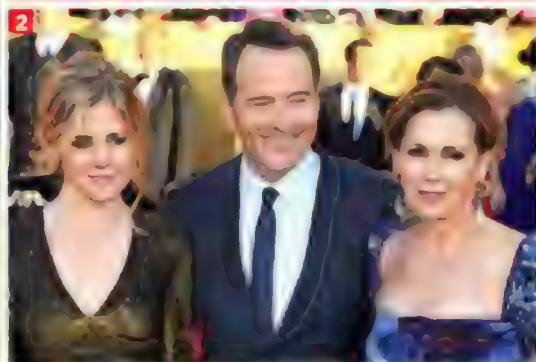
At NYU, he finally had a drink or two, went on a few dates. He also sold the very first full-length screenplay he ever wrote, *Home Fries*, which became a middling Drew Barrymore movie. "I basically made the mistake of thinking, 'Man, I'm in,'" he says. "It's all gonna be just gravy from here on out. I don't even have to work that hard, and I'm making more money optioning scripts than I ever dreamed." Taking well-meaning advice that moving to California would ruin his distinct regional perspective, he bought a house 45 minutes outside of Richmond, Virginia — and promptly began to stagnate.

He was less in danger of breaking bad than breaking fat. "It was like *The Shining*, especially in the winter. I got snowed



Our Chemical Romance

(1) Cranston's signature role until *Breaking Bad* was as the milquetoast dad on *Malcolm in the Middle*. (2) Cranston with daughter Taylor and wife Robin. (3) Paul with his fiancée, Lauren, at Coachella. "I tell her we should have, like, 12 kids," Paul says. "Let's just start a compound."



in once or twice, and if I had been more of a self-starter it would have been great, 'cause I would have gotten all kinds of work done. I could write all day long if I chose to. But instead I chose to play video games and eat Cheetos and waste time all day." He wrote a couple of other movies — including what eventually became the Will Smith vehicle *Hancock* — but studios butchered them, and the offers stopped coming. It was the *X-Files* gig that saved him.

He spent seven productive years on the show, and also co-created *The Lone Gunman*, a failed spinoff. His career stalled out again — though he always had Sony executives anxious to hear his next idea — and it's hard not to see autobiography in the unfulfilled promise of Walter White, who went from Nobel Prize-level work to teaching high school.

But he still can't believe that anyone bought the idea for *Breaking Bad* in the first place. "A show about a middle-aged man dying of cancer, cooking crystal meth — I keep thinking about *The Producers*, and *Springtime for Hitler*. In hindsight I don't know if you could come up with a worse idea on paper for a TV show than *Breaking Bad*, unless you're actually trying to fail."

BACK IN ALBUQUERQUE, AARON Paul approaches a craps table and pulls out a thick wad of hundreds, which will be slightly thicker before the night is through, thanks to his apparently endless stock of good luck. "Hi, Aaron," says the dealer. Paul is a regular here at Sandia Casino, a massive mountainside resort whose nods to Pueblo culture mostly means halfheartedly trying to make marble floors and columns look like they're made out of adobe.

"I love this casino," says Paul, who loves gambling in general. "I was making a really good living playing online poker. I could have retired from acting." His habit has never quite gotten out of hand. "I definitely went through my phases. I wouldn't consider myself a crazy gambling addict. I think at one point maybe I was. I definitely lost a lot more than I had ever wanted to lose. And then I took a break and I knew what my limit was, and now I'll come to the casino and I'll have a limit."

It's karaoke night over at the bar, and we watch a gentleman in hunting pants and a visor who strongly resembles Larry the Cable Guy butcher "Ice Ice Baby." Paul quickly decides we should take part; "We

should do that Beatles song – love, love, love. It starts with, like...all we need is love. Whatever that song's called." I manage to persuade him to do "Twist and Shout" instead, and he commits, barking the lyrics death-metal style, eyes blazing as a group of a dozen or so elderly patrons gather on the polished-wood dance floor to boogie to our performance with unsettling enthusiasm. (The next day, someone shows Cranston an iPhone video of it. "That's a lot of screaming," he says.)

As we take our seats, tattooed guys in Ed Hardy-style T-shirts with skulls on them start approaching Paul, who is ceaselessly gracious, even when the same guys come by more than once. They take pictures with him, pitch parts for themselves, suggest that he cook them some blue meth, and say Jesse Pinkman-ish things like, "There's no flash on this bitch." "You're a cool motherfucker, man," says one fan. "You're not all stuck-up."

Paul is definitely not stuck-up. Though his distinct speaking voice – its nasality and slight overemphasis of *every* other word – is reminiscent of Jesse Pinkman, his startling pale-blue eyes radiate openness, and he comes off as almost impossibly sweet as he enthuses over his relationship with his fiancée, Lauren: They had their first kiss on the Ferris wheel at Coachella; they have tattoos of each other's electrocardiograms. "I tell her we should have, like, 12 kids. Let's just do it. Let's start a compound."

Family values come naturally to Paul, who grew up in small-town Idaho, the son of a Baptist minister. His parents were, and are, loving and supportive, albeit with some strict rules. "Like, I wasn't allowed to watch *The Simpsons*," he says. "My dad being the minister, each week during youth group, I would have to memorize certain Scriptures. A lot of people are religious and they haven't read, you know, the Bible. I've read the Bible front and back numerous times, and it's just so out there, it's like reading a science-fiction novel." Paul isn't sure exactly what he believes now: "Do I know exactly what is out there? No. But do I believe if you do something bad that you're gonna burn in hell forever? Not just a thousand years, but for trillions of years? Absolutely not." But what about Walter White – doesn't he deserve to go to hell? "You'd want to believe that. But, I don't know."

It took Paul a while to move past his upbringing, even after he moved to Hollywood alone at 17 following an early high school graduation (he worked multiple jobs back in Idaho to fund the move, including gigs as two different radio mascots, one a giant tookie bird, the other a giant frog dressed as Garth Brooks). "I didn't curse until I was in my twenties," he says. He also lost his virginity at what he considers a late age, but asks me not to print that story.

Though the character he plays leads people to assume Paul is constantly high, he's never had a drug problem. He did have a meth-addict girlfriend years back, which informs his performance. "It went from coke and then it escalated to meth. Meth is the one that grabbed, like, nails deep into her soul and slowly just ripped it out. She was this beautiful being, turned to this hollow shell."

He has been known to smoke weed. "The first time I actually felt it, it was around Halloween time, and I ate an entire bowl of Reese's Pieces and I couldn't stop laughing. It was incredible," he says. "Now I rarely smoke." He has a medical-marijuana card, though, which he says he actually uses for medicinal purposes: "If I go to the dentist, I'll get an eighth. I am against pills. I don't even take Advil. I think pot 100 percent should be legalized."

Jesse Pinkman wasn't even supposed to survive the first season, but Paul's performance made it inconceivable to kill him. Says Cranston, "I was amazed that Aaron could make this guy who is a high school dropout, a drug abuser, a drug pusher, into a guy you really care about. It's a testament to him."

Unlike Cranston, who continues to work with acting coaches to this day, Paul is an untrained, purely instinctual actor – who has nevertheless won an Emmy. So it's not surprising that his representatives

"I HAVE SOME ANGER ISSUES," CRANSTON ADMITS. "SOMETIMES IT COMES OUT WHEN I RUN – IT FEELS LIKE A DEMON WAS STUCK IN THERE AND ESCAPED."

see him as a potential major movie star. "I keep battling my reps, saying I am a character actor," says Paul, who is in talks with HBO about starring in a post-*Breaking Bad* show called *The Missionary*. "I have no interest in being a superbig star. I want to have some private life."

WHEN BRYAN CRANSTON WAS a young boy, he watched his father get eaten by a giant grasshopper. Cranston's parents met in an acting class in 1948, and they both worked for years in show business, with highly inconsistent results. Like pre-Heisenberg Walter, they were often downwardly mobile – one year, they'd get a swimming pool, and then find themselves without the money to fill it the next summer, or they'd trade in a new car for an older one. Cranston's dad, Joe, spent years chasing the dream of being a movie star, and instead ended up with TV parts and

small roles in B pictures, such as *Beginning of the End*, the grasshopper-attack film. "I learned not to try to achieve some plateau, like stardom," Cranston says, sitting on the couch in the White-family living room. "My father was reaching for that brass ring, and if you fall short, then you must think, 'Well, I failed.' So my goal was to be able to make my living in my adult life exclusively as an actor. That's my victory."

The Whites' house is flooded with daylight, but we're not actually in a house, and it's not actually daylight. We're in the middle of a vast, warehouselike studio on the edge of town that holds most of the sets for *Breaking Bad*'s best-known interiors. Wandering around can be highly disorienting: The inside of Saul Goodman's law office, with its hilariously huge Bill of Rights backdrop, is just a few feet away from the interior of the Whites' car wash, which is in turn right by their house. The exteriors, of course, are shot at an actual house in Albuquerque, which this set is designed to match precisely. It's uncanny in its detail, though a close inspection reveals some questionable choices: Would Walt really have read the *Star Trek* novels on the bookshelf – or for that matter, the novelization of the 1979 Disney film *The Black Hole*? (The answer is no: I learn that Gilligan is "chagrined" that I noticed; "They're going to look into fixing that.")

Cranston is far from a Method actor – he is able to sit around between scenes, singing snatches of songs (today's is "Please Come to Boston," an obscurity by Dave Loggins), teasing his castmates, greeting visitors, and then step in front of the cameras and reach into the darkest depths of his character. "He just fuckin' puts on the black hat and he's Heisenberg," says Dean Norris, who plays Walter's brother-in-law Hank, the burly DEA agent. "He's not one of these guys who spends the whole day in the corner going, 'I'm Heisenberg. I'm Heisenberg. I'm Heisenberg.' He just does it. He is a capital-A actor."

For Cranston, Walter White's rage is very real – and much of it comes from his problems with his parents, who divorced when he was young. Their house was soon foreclosed on, leaving him and his siblings to live with their grandparents. "There was no money," he says later that night, sitting at a rooftop hotel bar downtown, as Frank Sinatra plays in the background. "There was alcohol abuse. And there were broken lives. There were two broken people. It was ugly. I didn't see my father for 10 years."

"I have some anger issues," he says. "Comes from dealing with parental issues." Sometimes it comes out when he's exercising. "I'll go running, and I'll feel like I feel right now, fine. And I'll start running, and it's MOTHERFUCKER, *grah!* It's like a demon was stuck in there somewhere and escaped." Other than that, he has an easier time accessing his emotions as an actor than in daily life. [Cont. on 83]

Sunshine & Dread

Best Coast's Bethany Cosentino writes sweet songs about crushes and California. But now she's opening up about the anxiety disorder that dominates her life

BY JONAH WEINER





SUMMER HOOD

"It's OK to be the weird girl," says Cosentino

ONE NIGHT THIS SUMMER, BETHANY COSENTINO found herself on the northeast side of Atlanta, in the basement of a deserted motor lodge, partying at the city's oldest strip club: snapping iPhone photos of bare-assed women, buying a lap dance from "like, this 60-year-old stripper" for one of the guys in her crew, and receiving one from "a different stripper, who wasn't as old." The place was the Clermont Lounge – "basically the most fun place on Earth," she says. But the 25-year-old musician, who leads the Los Angeles garage-pop

band Best Coast, has some problems with impulse control, and they got the best of her that night. "I did coke and lost my driver's license at the club," she recalls a week later, grinning and shaking her head.

Cosentino suffers from bouts of anxiety, and the occasional night of strip-joint hedonism is just one of the remedies she favors. She worries intensely that every plane she boards will crash, so when she travels she wears crystals she hopes will protect her. She's grown more comfortable over time with performing for crowds, but she still prefers to take the stage with a few drinks in her – bourbons tossed back alongside Xanax and "some other medications I don't want to talk about." She once made a point of greeting Best Coast fans outside venues, but after too many of them did things like shove cellphones in her hands, asking her to say hi to their moms, she decided to hunker down backstage. "Bethany might seem really cool, but she's really awkward socially," says Best Coast's manager, Adam Shore.

Today we're at one of her favorite places to unwind: the mall. A headlining tour has brought her to Montreal, exploring La Ville Souterraine, a subterranean network of hotels, restaurants and shops connected by tunnels. "It's probably because I'm from the suburbs, but malls make me feel at home," the Glendale, California, native says. La Ville Souterraine is a sprawling maze, 4.6 square miles large, of Old Navys, Foot Lockers, Marriotts, parking garages, distressed-denim purveyors and more. We keep getting lost, our destination a juice stand that doesn't seem to exist. Cosentino is wearing floral-print shorts, her long auburn hair draping down over a sleeveless chambray shirt; large, rhinestone-studded sunglasses hide her eyes. Her posture is stiff and her voice is raspy. "I've totally trashed my voice on this tour," she says. "Sorry I sound like Miley Cyrus—

meets-Lindsay Lohan." She pops into Aldo and thumbs a pair of leopard-print heels. "Very Snooki," she declares approvingly.

We keep walking, seemingly in circles. "I don't really party on tour," she tells me, almost by way of apology. Despite that night in Atlanta, she doesn't enjoy cocaine, she says, preferring "positive drugs" like weed and Ecstasy. If you've listened to Cosentino's lyrics, this won't come as a surprise. On Best Coast's 2010 debut album, *Crazy for You*, the band – filled out by guitarist Bobb Bruno and a for-hire rhythm section – specialized in fuzzed-out surf-rock riffs and lyrics about pining for boys, smoking pot and pining for boys

Cosentino used to smoke weed for her anxiety, "but it was only making me more anxious."

who smoke all your pot. She says there was a time not long ago when "I'd wake up, smoke weed, then keep smoking weed throughout the day," but lately she's been cutting down. "I was smoking to make my anxiety better, but it got to the point where it was only making me more anxious."

Cosentino's unease makes her an unlikely performer, yet the unvarnished way she describes and displays that unease only intensifies her appeal. She comes off as refreshingly unmanaged, a real person working through real problems in plain sight. There are times onstage when she is visibly uncomfortable, mustering awkward banter and pushing, businesslike, through the set list. If she's had too much to drink and forgets a part, she says, that's usually fine: "People just cheer."

Crazy for You debuted in *Billboard's* Top 40, and soon David Byrne and Hilary Duff were coming to concerts, and Drew Barrymore was directing a video for the band. A college dropout who'd been selling soap at Lush when she started Best Coast in her bedroom, Cosentino felt unprepared for such success. "I'm still going through that midtwenties identity-crisis thing," she says, "and doing it in public is very awkward and weird." Best Coast's latest album, *The Only Place*, is a battle between dejection and optimism, with lyrics that pit depression and pained longing against moments of transcendent, beach-bum bliss. Cosentino sings about swearing off wake-and-bakes and coming to terms with haters. "Honestly," she says, "the record was a therapy session." The producer Jon Brion, who gave the album its bright sound, says he made his studio "a safe, zero-pressure environment: If she wasn't up for it that day, that was cool."

"There it is!" Cosentino says, spotting the juice stand and ordering a 16-ounce strawberry-and-beet concoction. She juices at home, and does yoga, part of a "New Agey" thing she's gotten into. She was raised in the church, and although she drifted out when she was in junior high, she's still spiritual. In her bedroom at home, in L.A.'s Eagle Rock neighborhood, she has a poster of various crystals. (The other two posters: Fleetwood Mac.) Her favorite stone is onyx, which she likes because it's "cleansing." "Do you want to see some crystals?" she asks. We head for Best Coast's tour bus, idling nearby. A jug of bourbon sits beside a budget horror DVD on one counter. Cosentino fetches six small boxes and passes me her newest scores. She's got one at home that "is supposed to be able to tell you your future," she says.

We step back onto the street. "I'm a homebody," Cosentino says. "If you weren't here, I would have spent the day in the hotel, ordering room service, not talking to anybody, watching *Seinfeld* DVDs." (She's a huge *Seinfeld* fan, sleeps nightly in a *Seinfeld* T-shirt she bought on eBay.) Walk to some coffee, I suggest? "I've probably done enough walking." Or we could catch a taxi and get a drink. Cosentino nods. "Let's go get some drinks," she says.

SEARCH YOUTUBE FOR "LITTLE CAESARS CONGA COMMERCIAL" and you can enjoy some of Cosentino's earliest showbiz work: She's the little girl shimmying and shaking with an old lady and a poodle in celebration of cheap pizza. She was born in the San Fernando Valley, the daughter of a Christian-rock musician and an actress. "I did a ton of commercials," she says. "I auditioned for *Curly Sue*." She also sang on some of her father's records.

Her parents divorced, and in her adolescence, Cosentino became a misfit. "I

Contributing editor JONAH WEINER profiled Adam Lambert in RS 1157.



was this weird, like, Hot Topic punk, trying to find my identity," she says, drinking a Jameson and soda at a wood-walled bar near Montreal's Mile End neighborhood. When she was 16, she began playing folksy singer-songwriter music under the name Bethany Sharayah (she calls this "my Joan Baez, Joni Mitchell, coffee-shop" period; Sharayah's her middle name), but even though she attracted some major-label attention, she decided to put music on the back burner and study creative writing, first at Pasadena City College and then in Manhattan at the New School.

It was out east that Cosentino really began to identify as a Pacific Coast purebred. She hated her cramped Williamsburg apartment and the punishing New York winters. In her classes, she says, "Everything I wrote was about California." After less than a year, she decided to move back home. Without any game plan, Cosentino worked retail jobs and, having long loved the Beach Boys, began writing songs that cast her home state in a mythical light: a shining stage for the airing of outsize, nerve-racked emotions. She enlisted the help of a local Chinese-American punk rocker named Bobb Bruno to flesh out the songs she wrote, and the two began releasing singles as Best Coast.

CALIFORNIA GIRL (1) Cosentino in L.A. in May. **(2)** Cosentino at age five—a child actress, she appeared in a Little Caesars commercial. **(3)** Cosentino and boyfriend Nathan Williams, of Wavves.

The band's music stood out for its bracing simplicity. In Cosentino's songs, if she wants a boy, she will repeat, "I want you." "I just want to write relatable, simple songs that girls and boys are going to listen to and be like, 'I know exactly what she's talking about,'" she says.

The object of affection in most Best Coast songs these days is Cosentino's boyfriend of three years, Nathan Williams, of the band Wavves. They lived together for a while, but decided to find separate places. "We're always around people on tour; you wanna be on your own sometimes," she explains. They talk every day, by phone, text or sometimes public Twitter mash notes. (The other guy in her life is her cat, Snacks, who has a Twitter feed in his name, with more than 10,000 followers.)

For such a seemingly uncontroversial songwriter, Cosentino can inspire animosity. Indie guitar virtuoso Marnie Stern accused Cosentino of promoting retro gender attitudes with her lovelorn lyrics. "You might as well then be an Eighties hair-met-

al band saying, 'I want pussy,'" Stern said. Cosentino answers: "I'm saying, 'This is my experience with guys.' To me, that's more relatable to young girls than saying, 'You're a pig.' It's more, 'I love you and I don't know what to do with that.'" More recently, when Cosentino designed an Urban Outfitters clothing line, she came under fire because the company's CEO has made contributions to Rick Santorum. "People were really pissed about that," she says, her eyes widening. "I had so much slander, people were like, 'You're anti-gay now!' I put it this way: If my landlord supported an anti-gay company, I wouldn't stop living at my house. People are entitled to their opinions." She takes a sip of whiskey. "Not to mention, it's like, when you get asked to do a clothing line, you say yes."

Cosentino can give as good as she gets. Earlier this year, she tweeted, "For real, fuck Chris Brown." ("I fucking don't like that guy," she says.) At one point, Kanye West's name comes up. "When we were in the studio with Jon Brion, he was telling us these crazy stories about working with Kanye," she says. "Apparently, Kanye would Google pictures of himself and say things like 'Damn, I look fresh!'" And she rejects Katy Perry's image as the archetypal California girl. "She is definitely her own species of one," says Cosentino, "like, big boobs, short shorts—and that exists, but I always felt like I represented more of a laid-back, dress-how-you-want girl." Cosentino likens herself to *Seinfeld*'s Elaine Benes. "She doesn't give a fuck, and she has her dominantly male circle of friends," Cosentino says.

"I can sit in a room and talk about what dudes talk about. I burp and fart." She orders a third Jameson.


We head to a restaurant for dinner, where Bruno joins us. Cosentino orders pasta and two glasses of red wine. Her body language has loosened over the hours, and she's grown increasingly talkative. Discussing *The Only Place*, she becomes defiant. "So many people have said mean things about me," she says. "I could care less. I wrote a record about it, got those feelings off my chest. And you know what? We're selling out fucking huge venues. We're doing something right." She pauses. "People come up to me all the time and say, 'Your record got me through my breakup.' That makes me so fucking happy. Even though I'm still trying to get to the it-gets-better part."

When the table's clear, she sends texts to her busmates, trying to get a bead on some fun: The homebody isn't ready to go home yet. "Nobody's writing me back," she complains to Bruno. "What do you want to do?" He's no help. Cosentino frowns, taps out some more texts, and finally resigns herself to taking a cab to her hotel. There, a DVD player awaits. She slumps her shoulders and smiles.

"I've always got *Seinfeld*."



ARMS WIDE OPEN
Amma receiving one
of her devoted
followers in New
York this July



Amma, the guru known
as the “hugging saint,” has
drawn 32 million people into
her embrace – spreading a
message of love, compassion
and overpriced merchandise

BY DAVID AMSDEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PARI DUKOVIC

The Big Squeeze



HEY MAKE THE JOURNEY every year, thousands of people heading up an unmarked, unpaved road into the feral hills outside San Ramon, a suburb some 30 miles east of San Francisco. Their destination is the tranquil and sprawling grounds of the M.A. Center, an ashram named after Mata Amritanandamayi, a 58-year-old spiritual guru from southern India. Known to her devotees as Amma, an honorific nickname meaning "Mother,"

she is most famously referred to as the "hugging saint" because of her trademark blessing: a big, rapturous hug that her admirers describe as a transformative event – an infusion of pure, unconditional love that works on you like an elixir, cleansing the soul and bringing about a higher state of consciousness. Wherever Amma goes, people wait for

hours in order to kneel before her and be embraced, and they are waiting on the morning in early June when I first arrive: blissed-out clusters congregating around the ashram's temple, everyone basking in a collective mood that is as seductive as it is unnerving.

Inside Amrita Hall, as the modest A-frame structure is called, Amma is surrounded by a dense, undulating throng. Clad in a billowing white sari, her rotund figure is perched atop her dais, a cushy throne draped in garlands and strewn with rose petals. A sly, benevolent smile spreads across her face as she pulls one person after another to her bosom. This is what she does nearly every day, breaking for only a few hours in the afternoons, and going until three, four, five in the morning. Her stamina is a point of reverence among her "children," as devotees refer to themselves, more than a few of whom are sitting on the temple's open floor in the lotus position, watching the proceedings projected on a massive screen hanging from the ceiling, tears streaming down their faces.

Amma devotes much of the year to touring the world in order to hold everyone from migrant workers to celebrities to Western yoga obsessives in her arms, and she is here on the second stop of her annual, 10-city tour of North America, a zigzagging seven-week sojourn across the continent that begins in Seattle and ends in Toronto, during the course of which she will dispense somewhere in the ballpark of 60,000 hugs, adding to the 32 million already under her belt. She attracts a di-

verse crowd, Amma does. Wandering the temple, I see aging hippies happily petrified in late-Sixties nostalgia, earthy suburban yuppies, square-jawed businessmen, macrobiotic hipsters, plenty of toddlers and teenagers, and the smattering of Indian immigrants who are on hand whenever Amma sets up camp. There are many who compare the environment of Amma's tours to that once fostered by the Grateful Dead or Phish: a parallel reality where such positive vibes prevail that you never want to leave. In fact, some people do not leave, finding the Amma experience so intoxicating they travel with her from city to city, from country to country.

"For me, in the beginning, it was more about the social aspect of Amma, just meeting like-minded people," says Gabriele Cook, an extravagantly tattooed 29-year-old whom I meet at the entrance. A former biotech researcher, Cook quit her job three years ago and has been with Amma on and off ever since. She has followed Amma through Europe and spent

Amma's hugging tours have become like Grateful Dead or Phish shows: a parallel reality where such positive vibes prevail that some never want to leave.

two extended stays at Amritapuri, Amma's ashram in the southern Indian state of Kerala, which is where she lives when not touring and where many of her most rapt followers set up permanent residence. "It's a pretty intense place, especially for a woman," says Cook. "You have to stay covered all day, and it's a hundred degrees, so it's nice to see her in the West," she adds with a laugh, "where I can have my arms exposed." Cook plans to follow Amma to Los Angeles before catching up with the tour in Washington, D.C., New York and Boston. "Now, the whole thing is about me trying to become a better person," she says, though later on she will joke, in a way that lets me know she isn't quite joking, that she may have also been spending so much time around Amma for other reasons: "You know, so I don't have to make a decision about what to do with my life."

AMMA IS UNUSUAL AMONG Indian gurus in that she is, to put it in Western terms, completely self-made. Gurumayi, for example – featured prominently in Elizabeth Gilbert's *Eat, Pray, Love* – the only other living guru who approaches Amma's level of global recognition, was appointed to her position by her own guru, after years of study and dedication. But Amma never had a guru. Her devotees believe she is the rare being who has achieved full enlightenment on her own, a divine soul in a human body. As evidence of this, they tell you the stories all of Amma's followers know by heart: about how as a young girl growing up in a small Kerala fishing village she had an abnormally compassionate nature, giving her own food to more needy strangers and consoling the sick; about how her parents, conservative Hindus, didn't know what to make of her, and as Amma came of age they hoped to arrange for her to be married; about how Amma rejected this, angering her relatives to such an extent that one tried to poison her for bringing shame upon the family; about how Amma lived, and continued to spend most of her time outside, alone, meditating in a small temple she built on the property; about how people began hearing of this mysterious young girl and made pilgrimages to see her, and when they did, she opened her arms to them and pulled them close; about how Amma once sucked the pus out of the contagious wound of a leper; about how people began calling her Amma, it was just a natural instinct; and about how today Amma's own mother, now a believer, along with the rest of her family, calls her Mother.

But Amma, like many who find success without being born into it, can trace her current prominence not merely to her natural charisma but also to her savvy at harnessing it on a large scale. Her ashram in India, for instance, built on the land where

Contributor DAVID AMSDEN wrote "The Great Goth Armored Car Heist" in RS 1062.



THE SAVIOR

"She's like Jesus, but on Earth," says one of the guru's most ardent followers. "I'm in a really great place, and I owe it all to Amma."

she grew up, was once little more than a few huts; today it has evolved into a kind of city unto itself, with soaring high-rises, some 5,000 permanent and semipermanent residents, and up to 15,000 visitors on a busy day. A university and a hospital exist in her name. She has used her prominence to start a network of charities, called Embracing the World, which focuses on providing food, housing, education and medical services to the impoverished. According to Amma's organization, her charities bring in an average of \$20 million in donations annually – however, it's difficult to say just how much Amma's group is worth. Evidence of her material gains can be seen in the impressive real-estate portfolio Amma has amassed over the years. The M.A. Center in San Ramon, founded in 1989, is her oldest outpost in the U.S.; more recently she acquired a \$7.8 million mansion in Maryland, once owned by the Shriver family, to serve as her D.C.-area ashram, as well as properties outside Chicago and Boston, not to mention those scattered throughout Europe.

The tours double as fundraisers. At San Ramon, I can take only a few steps in any direction before running into a donation

box, and outside the temple a number of vendors are doing brisk business selling clothes, coffee and "Amba Juice" smoothies. Inside, meanwhile, a large portion of the temple has been turned into a kind of bazaar specializing in all things Amma: T-shirts, hoodies, books, DVDs, magnets, key chains, essential oils, body washes, mantra counters. There is jewelry Amma has blessed ranging from silver bracelets costing \$800 to a silver crown for \$5,000. One of the most sought-after objects for sale is the Amma doll: a stuffed, handcrafted replica of Amma whose design seems inspired by the Cabbage Patch Kids. It comes in small, medium and large – \$45, \$90 and \$180, respectively – and the idea is that it provides a kind of cosmic hotline to Amma when not in her presence. "Sometimes, I need a hug from her, and that same feeling of all-accepting love and softness is there," a nameless devotee says of the dolls on the Amma Shop website. "It is as if she is my little piece of Mother." Inside the temple, a number of people take to clutching their Amma dolls while staring at Amma, as if trying to double the dose of enlightenment, and seeing them it is impossible not to be reminded of how the line

where devotion blurs into obsession, where faith morphs into fanaticism, can become so thin and porous that you can cross it without ever knowing it.

WHEN I FIRST STARTED traveling with Amma, I thought it would be, like, six months," a young woman tells me on my second day at the ashram. "That was six years ago." Indeed, I spend three days at the site, a sleep-deprived blur during which time takes on malleable properties. While waiting for my own hug, I wash dishes and serve food, something all attendees are encouraged to do in order to understand the value of putting others before yourself. Then, after spending countless hours on the periphery, I decide that it's time to enter Amma's arms, to experience the Experience. Whereas the prevailing mood on the grounds is casual, a kind of collective hang, there is a palpable shift in energy as I get to the front of the line. Aside from those waiting for hugs, there are many others clamoring just to be closer to Amma, pushing forward with the ferocity of concertgoers trying to reach the edge of the stage. Aside from these fervent admirers, there are about a hundred people who have just received a hug, and who, as part of official post-hug protocol, are now seated in a semicircle around Amma's dais, digesting the sensation. And finally there is the team working to prepare people for their hugs, some taking those in line by their shoulders and positioning them on their knees, while others make sure everyone removes their glasses, while still others sit wrapping Hershey's Kisses in rose petals, which Amma hands out after every hug. Two people volunteer for the job known as "stargazer," a role in which you sit at Amma's feet and stare at her raptly. This is one of the most prized jobs on the tour.

These workers, many of them in their twenties, all wear the green plastic bracelets indicating they are official members of Amma's staff, a force numbering 275 for the North American tour. These are coveted spots. People will tour with Amma on their own for years in the hopes that their dedication will earn them a staff spot the following year. (I meet one staff member who has just graduated from Cornell Medical School and is preparing for her residency come fall, another who paid his way playing online poker.) The "staff" label, however, is somewhat misleading to someone with a traditionally capitalist perspective, in that Amma's staff is made up not merely of those willing to volunteer their time but also of those willing to pay to volunteer their time. This year's cost to be a staff member is around \$2,000, not including airfare to Seattle, where the tour began.

Her hugs are referred to as darshan, a Sanskrit term roughly meaning "visions of

the divine," and as gratitude for this vision it is customary to bring Amma a gift before your hug. People are coming to her with everything from coconuts to candy bars to handmade crafts, and for those who forgot to bring something, a table is set up at the start of the line where gifts for Amma are for sale: bouquets of flowers ranging from \$5 to \$20, a Toblerone bar for \$5. (One staff member, I notice, has the job of collecting the bouquets in a basket and then running them back to the table, where they are resold throughout the day.) Before my hug, a plump guy in his forties with greasy brown hair shows up with a package of pecan cookies for Amma. She opens it with the zeal of a small child, and as she places a cookie in her mouth, two of her staff members rush in, cupping their hands under her mouth to ensure she doesn't dribble any crumbs into the hair of the man, whose face is now buried in her chest. As Amma holds him, she hands what is now a Blessed Cookie out into the crowd, and I watch as it is broken into minuscule pieces—crumbs, really—which are savored by those surrounding her.

Eventually, it's my turn. The chaos around Amma is unnerving, a chaos she seems immune to, but as she pulls me into her arms something happens: All goes silent and peaceful, like closing the door to a party, and I wonder if this sudden jolt, from chaos to calm, is at least part of the hug's appeal. At one point Amma breaks from her embrace and stares into my eyes, and then pulls me in again, tighter, this time whispering something in my ear that I can't quite understand. *Mamma Mamma Mamma*. The thing people say about great politicians, about how they provide you with the sense, however illusory, that you are all that matters—Amma has that. I feel better than when I entered her arms, there's no denying that much, yet like coming down from a high, this euphoria fades quickly, especially once I rejoin those in the post-hug pool around Amma.

"I'm telling you, man, she's like Jesus, but on Earth," whispers the young man next to me, a guy I will get to know over the next few days, and who will ask, repeatedly, if I can help him find work since he's spent all his money traveling with Amma. "I'm in a really great place right now," he adds, "and I owe it all to Amma."

EARLIER THIS YEAR, IN JANUARY, a 53-year-old Australian woman named Gail Tredwell posted a message in a Yahoo Group dedicated to former devotees of Amma, or "Ex-Ammas," as they refer to themselves. Tredwell was 21, an impressionable young woman who had

become enamored with the idea of finding a guru while backpacking through India, when she first journeyed to see Amma. That was 1980, and at the time Amma's followers consisted of a handful of Indians from nearby villages. Tredwell ended up staying for 19 years, becoming Amma's first Western devotee, learning to speak fluent Malayalam, Amma's native tongue, and witnessing Amma's steady evolution into the phenomenon she is today. Referred to by some devotees as "Amma's shadow," Tredwell had taken the Indian name of Gayatri, and was later renamed Swamini Amritaprana, signifying that she was officially recognized as a member of Amma's inner circle.

Tredwell left the organization in late



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GURU

Her devotees believe that Amma is the rare being who has achieved full enlightenment.

1999, but didn't reveal her reasons for doing so until her Internet post in January. Tredwell's background made it hard to discredit what she had to say. The post began with her personal reasons for defecting ("loss of faith," "not happy for years") before going on to paint, in brushstrokes both vague and disquieting, a portrait of life with Amma that gives one pause. Tredwell wrote of "backstabbing, cruelty, hatred, power struggles." She wrote of "secret things going on," and of "too much scheming, plotting, planning and suspicion." Most distressingly, she wrote of "terrorism—in a subtle sense, not with guns or anything" and of "violence (mental, emotional, psychological and physical)."

Today, Tredwell lives in Hawaii, working a variety of jobs while writing a book about her time with Amma (currently titled *For the Love of God: A Memoir of Faith, Devotion and Pure Madness*). She is polite and

direct, sounding not so much bitter about her experience as disappointed. "It was in San Ramon where I finally left Amma," she says. "It was all very top-secret. I told only two other people, and I did not tell them where I was going, since I knew they'd be interrogated. I waited for a moment when I knew the residence where we stayed would be empty, and then I was driven out, hiding under a blanket on the floor of the back seat. That was 12 years ago, and it took me years to get over the whole experience."

Tredwell says that as Amma's popularity grew and as Amma spent more time on stages, receiving people for long hours, she grew increasingly irritable when out of the public eye. "She was really a whole different person," Tredwell claims, and tells me a story about how once, when she made a mistake cooking rice, Amma pulled her to the floor by her hair and kicked her. "That kind of thing was not uncommon." (Another former devotee, who asked not to be named, tells me she was once slapped by Amma and witnessed similar treatment of others at the ashram in India.)

Tredwell was also bothered by what she saw as a shady undercurrent surrounding Amma. Tredwell asserts that Amma quietly gave money to her parents and six siblings, who had once been modest fishermen but came to live in palatial houses. When I ask how Tredwell knew Amma was giving her family the money, she laughs. "Because I was often the one bringing them the cash and gold," she says.

Amma and her organization deny all of Tredwell's accusations, reject any notion of financial impropriety and maintain that the kicking incident simply never happened, saying, "It is not in Amma's nature to harm anyone, only to love." They add that despite Tredwell's harsh claims, "Amma still loves her and holds her very dear to her heart."

Another devotee, Prasannan Jyotish, who left the organization last year after two decades and now lives in his hometown of Vancouver, agrees that Amma's organization, despite advocating selflessness, is plagued by its share of hungry egos—this, in the end, is why he left, though he has since reconciled with Amma. Life at the ashram, he says, can often feel like a battle for Westerners—the language barrier and the unfamiliar culture can make them feel unwanted and unappreciated. As far as abuse goes, Prasannan says he has never seen Amma hit or kick anyone, and explains Tredwell's allegations in cultural terms. "The relationship between guru and disciple is a very complex one, going back literally thousands of years," he says. "Sometimes a guru will scold a devotee as a kind of test. Has he learned? Has he

surrendered? Yes, sometimes we may be scolded even if we don't deserve it, but the objective isn't to say we've done wrong but to see if we've gone beyond the surface." In other words, as in any system of belief, the moment you lose faith is the moment when structures that once seemed sensible suddenly seem questionable, even senseless.

Tredwell, for her part, wants me to understand that she does not believe Amma is a fraud or a charlatan. She believes Amma is "not a normal human being" and that her reserves of love and compassion are genuine. "It's just that I don't believe she's 100 percent divine." She pauses. "It's hard. People really, really, really want to believe that in Amma there's this savior, this embodiment, and that belief is very euphoric. But the problem is the common devotee gives all that credit to Amma – that it's Amma's energy he's feeling – when in truth it's only indirectly because of Amma. The energy and euphoria they're feeling is actually their own, all this love that people are pouring on Amma. They think they're feeling Amma's love, but it's actually just their own love, projected back onto them."

I FOLLOW AMMA'S CARAVAN OF four charter buses and the camper in which she travels to Los Angeles, where she sets up in the Hilton at LAX. The environment could not be more different from San Ramon, the serene grounds of the ashram replaced by the Hilton's grand ballroom, a mauve-carpeted chamber lit by twinkly chandeliers. The crowd, too, is notably different, the hippieish overtones gone in favor of a polished, slicker demographic: Silver Lake kids with skateboards jutting from their backpacks, surgically enhanced trophy wives, dudes with Bluetooth headsets wedged in their ears. Apparently, Sharon Stone is planning to stop by at some point, and I hear a devotee remark that he had seen Rosario Dawson the year before, as well as Brian Grazer, the spiky-haired producer.

On Amma's third day in town, she grants me an interview. I have been told by countless devotees, one of whom was sleeping with 11 others in a room meant for four, that while on tour Amma lives as they do, and in a sense this is true: She sleeps alongside female members of her inner circle in a standard room with the beds removed. Yet unlike her followers, she also has access to the presidential suite, which is where I am led to meet her. Pictures of Amma have been hung on the walls, ornate scarves are draped over the furniture, flowers are everywhere, and the scent of patchouli or maybe sandalwood hangs in the air. Several of her inner circle, recognizable by their orange robes, are seated on the floor.

Then Amma appears, floating into the room in her signature white sari. Spotting me, her eyes light up as they did when I had received my hug, and she opens her arms and pulls me toward her – this is just

what Amma does. She then leads me into the suite's living room and takes a seat in a plush armchair facing me. Though Amma has a cursory understanding of English, one of her swamis sits on the floor and serves as a translator. Two staff members are assigned to video our interview, while everyone else is quietly off to the side, and it is evident that, for them, this is a rare experience, getting to spend so much time with Amma in a private setting.

During our talk, Amma is as charming as she is opaque, with many of her answers digressing into the kind of metaphor-sprinkled monologues she favors when addressing large crowds. There are no sessions today, and I ask her what she does on her days off – if, perhaps, she uses them to get a night of restorative sleep. "No, son, I didn't sleep much," she replies, explaining that after the previous day's services, which ended at 5 a.m., she retreated to her room, where she first read the letters given

"People want to believe she's a savior," says one ex-devotee. "They think they're feeling Amma's love, but it's actually just their own love, projected back onto them."

to her during the hugging, and then spent a few hours answering e-mails. "I laid down at 9:30 and got up around 11:00." She does not seem the least bit fatigued.

An hour with Amma is a long time for a devotee – more than most spend in a lifetime – but it is not so long for an interview, so I do my best to push things along. There are some who accuse you of being inauthentic, I say. How do you address that?

"I would not blame them," she says. "When a poet sees a flower, he writes poetry about it; a scientist will conduct research on it; a boyfriend will give it to his girlfriend; a worm will eat it; a devotee of God will offer it to God. Similarly, each person comes with his own attitude. It's their right. They have the right to accept or to reject. For me, both types of people are equal. All I am concerned with is what positive I can do. Different people will think different things – that is the nature of the world. People have the right to have faith or not to have faith."

Being a godlike figure to so many, do you have anyone whom you consider a god or guru?

"For me, everything in creation is God," she says. "There is nothing but God. Every single object is a wonder for me."

Trying to bring the interview back to a less celestial place, I ask what would happen when she "leaves her body," as devotees refer to the death of a guru. Is there a plan in place to comfort your followers, not to mention control the charities?

"Our goal is to live in the present moment," says Amma, who throughout the interview wavers between the first and third person when talking about herself. "Even the next breath is not in our hands. So Amma doesn't think about anything like that. It will all continue forward. It is not 'I' who made it grow."

Moving on, I bring up her younger followers, particularly those who have given up much of their time and money in order to travel with her, to live at her ashram. Does she ever worry if they're using it all as a form of escape?


"Spirituality is not a form of escapism; it is courage," she says. "The dog chews on the dry bone, thinking that it is getting flesh, but in reality the taste it is relishing is coming from the lacerations inflicted by the bone upon its own gums." She does not deny that some may come to her for less than pure reasons, but, somewhat jarringly, she seems to avoid any responsibility in this, deflecting it all back onto her followers. "Someone who does not know how to swim will drown if he tries to swim in the ocean waves," she says. "Someone who knows how to swim enjoys it. That is the difference."

Does she believe, like her devotees do, that she has achieved true enlightenment?

"If I say I have, then there will be two – an ego arises. It is not a matter of calling it a flower, but of becoming the flower. One cannot know the sweetness of honey by writing 'honey' on a piece of paper and licking it."

Assuming, then, that she does know the sweetness of honey, so to speak, I wonder how long it takes to achieve such a discerning palate – how long, in other words, does a devotee need to spend in her presence to reach enlightenment?

"Whether you stay for many years or just a small amount of time, what you accept depends upon your mental attitude," she says. "It is at the base of the lighthouse that it is the darkest. A mosquito will never get milk from the udder of a cow, only blood. The bee draws honey from the flower, but the beetle only drubs through the dirt."

And so it goes, her talk growing ever more metaphysical and impenetrable until my time is up. As I get up to leave, Amma stands, and again embraces me, pulling me in close and tight for a long time. I close my eyes, and, for a moment, give in. Darkness. Warmth. Calm. For those few seconds everything she has said suddenly makes perfect sense, the way dreams seem real until you wake up. Then she lets me go, and inevitably the harsher light of reality intrudes once more. 

Locking up
the innocent.
Arresting his
critics. Racial
profiling. Meet
America's
meanest and
most corrupt
politician

THE LONG, LAWLESS RIDE OF SHERIFF JOE

BY JOE HAGAN

Photograph by Peter Yang





COLOR BARRIER
Arpaio with detainees
has been slapped with
a federal lawsuit

HHEY! YOU! GET OFF OF MY CLOUD!
Joe Arpaio, the 80-year-old lawman who brands himself “America’s toughest sheriff,” is smiling like a delighted gnome. Nineteen floors above the blazing Arizona desert, the Phoenix sprawl ripples in the heat as Arpaio cues up the Rolling Stones to welcome a reporter “from that marijuana magazine.”

Hey! You! Get off of my cloud!

The guided tour of Arpaio’s legend has officially begun. Here, next to his desk, is the hand-painted sign of draconian rules for Tent City, the infamous jail he set up 20 years ago, in which some 2,000 inmates live under canvas tarps in the desert, forced to wear pink underwear beneath their black-and-white-striped uniforms while cracking rocks in the stifling heat. **HARD LABOR**, the sign reads. **NO GIRLIE MAGAZINES!**

From behind his desk, Arpaio pulls out a stack of news clips about himself, dozens of them, featuring the gruff, no-frills enforcer of Maricopa County, whose officers regularly round up illegal immigrants in late-night raids, his 60th made only a few days ago, at a local furniture store. “Everything I did, all over the world,” he crows, flipping through the stories. “You can see this week: national magazine of Russia... BBC... Some people call me a publicity hound.”

“My people said, ‘You’re stupid to do an interview with that magazine,’” says Arpaio, talking about **ROLLING STONE**, “but hey, *controversy* – well, it hasn’t hurt me in 50 years.”

Arpaio is an unabashed carnival barker. And his antics might be amusing if he weren’t also notorious for being not just the toughest but the most corrupt and abusive sheriff in America. As Arizona has become center stage for the debate over illegal immigration and the civil rights of Latinos, Arpaio has sold himself as the symbol of nativist defiance, a modern-day Bull Connor bucking the federal government over immigration policy. As such, he’s become the go-to media prop for conservative politicians, from state legislators to presidential candidates, who want to be seen as immigration hard-liners. “I had Michele Bachmann sitting right there,” says Arpaio, pointing to my chair. “All these presidential guys coming to see me!”

As Arpaio has faced allegations of rampant racial profiling in Arizona, he’s declared war on President Barack Obama,

accusing him of watering down federal immigration law to court the Latino vote – while Arpaio himself continues to investigate the legitimacy of Obama’s birth certificate, the favored conspiracy of his far-right constituents. “I’m not going to get into everything else we got about the president,” he brags to a conservative radio interviewer while I’m sitting in his office. “I could write 9 million books.”

Arpaio refuses to acknowledge the president’s recent decision to grant temporary immunity from imprisonment and deportation to illegal immigrants who came to the U.S. as children. These people, Arpaio says, will “be arrested” in Maricopa

“I HAD MICHELE BACHMANN SITTING RIGHT THERE,” ARPAIO SAYS. “ALL THESE PRESIDENTIAL GUYS COMING TO SEE ME!”

County. In June, when the Supreme Court struck down key provisions of Arizona’s controversial immigration law, the core of which allows law enforcement to demand citizenship papers from any suspected illegal immigrant they come across, Arpaio growled that he wouldn’t “bend” to the feds, “especially when we still have state laws to enforce.”

“If they think I’m going to surrender,” Arpaio says, “it’s not going to happen.”

His rhetoric and tactics have spread fear in the Latino community in Arizona. “They hate me, the Hispanic community, because they’re afraid they’re going to be arrested,” Arpaio boasted to a TV interviewer in 2009. “And they’re all leaving town, so I think we’re doing something good, if they’re leaving.” But the all-consuming focus on immigration has come at a cost: Arpaio is so obsessed with the often illusory crimes of immigrants that he ignored more than 400 cases of sexual abuse he was responsible for investigating, including assaults on children. And it surprised no one that JT Ready, the Arizona white supremacist who shot and killed his girlfriend, her

family and himself last May, had attended Arpaio rallies.

Yet such derelictions of duty haven’t hurt Arpaio among the audience he cares about most. Since 1992, despite widespread criticism from human rights groups and local political leaders, Arpaio has been re-elected four times in Maricopa County, the most populous area of Arizona and a bastion of retirees and conservatives for whom Arpaio is a white knight, a defender of the 1950s Shangri-La they’ve sought to preserve in the largely white suburbs that ring Phoenix. “I’m kind of an old-fashioned guy,” says Arpaio.

Short and portly, with a bulb nose and cauliflower ears, Arpaio plays the part with aplomb. The ringtone on his outdated cellphone, which constantly bleats with requests from the media, is Frank Sinatra singing “My Way.” “I don’t use e-mail or u-mail or whatever it’s called,” he says, then swivels in his chair to a 1960s Smith Corona typewriter and taps out a message without looking, yanking the paper out for dramatic effect. “I do typing whenever I talk to reporters,” it reads.

But in the middle of Arpaio’s well-oiled performance, something happens that’s not on the official playbill. His media aide, Lisa Allen, a former TV news anchor for

a local affiliate, bursts into the room and tells me I must leave because a “personal matter” has come up. The sheriff is done for the day.

But the matter, it turns out, is more than personal: Arpaio’s staff has just learned he’s being sued by the Justice Department for a litany of civil rights violations against Latinos – the “unlawful and unconstitutional” targeting and detention of people because of their “race, color or national origin.” As a result, federal prosecutors charge, the Maricopa County Sheriff’s Office has created “a pervasive culture of discriminatory bias against Latinos” that “reaches the highest levels of the agency.”

The federal lawsuit will land within 48 hours. The curtain, for the moment, must close.

WANT TO SEE THE tent where all the Mexicans are?” Arpaio asks in a conspiratorial whisper. “Huh?”

The curtain is back open. And so here we are in the triple-digit heat, entering

Contributing editor JOE HAGAN wrote “Steve Earle Chases Ghosts” for RS 1079.



'PERVASIVE CULTURE OF BIAS' According to federal prosecutors, Arpaio's office has systematically engaged in racial profiling. Hispanic drivers in Maricopa County are nine times more likely than other drivers to be pulled over in roadside sweeps (above). And at Arpaio's notorious Tent City (right), guards openly refer to inmates as "wetbacks" and "stupid Mexicans."



the sheriff's Tent City, where thousands of inmates he and deputies have picked up live in the open, biding their time for misdemeanors ranging from drunk driving to street-level drug dealing. "August 2nd, 1993, right here," Arpaio says, poking a bit of gravel with his foot where he broke ground on the site. "My favorite spot."

From the start, the jail was notorious for its minimalist living conditions, which Arpaio says have saved Maricopa County millions of dollars in building and operational costs. Arpaio fed prisoners two meals a day (valued at 30 cents each), banned cigarettes and coffee, and boasted that temperatures in the summer can hit 141 degrees. His constituents lapped it up, and the national press came calling. Arpaio brought back chain gangs and paraded prisoners through the streets to be jeered at. In 1996, he published his first book, *America's Toughest Sheriff*, which was praised by Sen. John McCain as "nonsense."

Flanked by Arpaio's two large body men, we pass through a series of jail yards, first for the women (where one of Arpaio's deputies warns me, "Remember that you're

a married man - heh heh"), then for the male prisoners, who idle torpidly in the shade. Inside Arpaio's jails, according to the federal lawsuit, guards refer to Latino inmates as "wetbacks," "Mexican bitches," "stupid Mexicans" and "fucking Mexicans." Female prisoners, the suit claims, were forced to sleep in their own menstrual blood; officers refused to respond to the inmates' pleas because they were made in Spanish. Meanwhile, Arpaio's jailers allegedly circulated e-mail images of a Chihuahua in a bathing suit, calling it "a rare photo of a Mexican Navy Seal."

As the prisoners recognize Arpaio, he pulls out a pen and offers to sign autographs on postcards that show him playing with puppy dogs in an air-conditioned part of the jail. Some of the women inmates take him up on the offer. When one woman says she's in for selling drugs for one of the Mexican cartels, Arpaio brightens. "Do they know me?" he asks.

In the tents reserved for "the illegals," I meet a young inmate originally from Chiapas, Mexico, who tells me through an interpreter that he's been working in the U.S. since 1996. Many members of

his immediate family are American citizens, but he now faces deportation over a drunk-driving charge. Other men chime in with similar tales. Arpaio steps inside and proudly holds up a digital thermometer to show me that it is 128 degrees inside the tent.

"There's a lot of people here who did a lot of things wrong," says an inmate who steps forward to confront Arpaio, in English. "But a lot of people were just working in peace and didn't do nothing. Just leave those people alone."

The man from Chiapas asks Arpaio, "You're against us being here for work?"

"No, not for work," says Arpaio. "For being here illegally. Not for work. You're here illegally and you're fake."

Arpaio, who speaks a little Spanish with a pronounced Italian accent, is hated in the communities where these men lived. In Hispanic areas of Phoenix, you can see decals on cars that read **FUCK ARPAIO**

(which is also the title of a popular Chicano anti-Arpaio rap song). The sheriff argues that he's simply doing the job the federal government has failed to do, arresting illegal immigrants on the pretext of violating state criminal laws and then handing them over to federal authorities. Arpaio claims he's detained 51,000 illegal immigrants since 2007.

Illegal immigration is a top concern among voters in Arizona, tied closely to fears of drugs, crime and unemployment. Maricopa, the fourth-largest county in America, is 50 miles from the Mexican border, but Phoenix, its major population center, is a destination for illegal im-

migrants and drug dealers alike. Thirty percent of the county's residents are Hispanic, and their numbers are soaring - up 47 percent over the past decade. But the money and political power in Maricopa still reside in the largely white and conservative suburbs around Phoenix.

It is those whites and conservatives, as it happens, who employ many of the illegal immigrants targeted by Arpaio. But the sheriff is careful to steer clear of the white owners who profit from exploiting immigrant labor. In his 20 years wearing the badge, in fact, Arpaio has busted only three businesses for hiring illegal immigrants. "You've got to prove that they knew," he says, "and it's very difficult." Instead, Arpaio goes after the undocumented workers they hire, notifying the media every time he rounds up Latino fruit pickers or factory laborers. In the process, according to the Justice Department, Arpaio has frequently arrested and detained U.S. citizens and legal residents of Latino origin, including children, for hours at a time without a charge or a warrant.

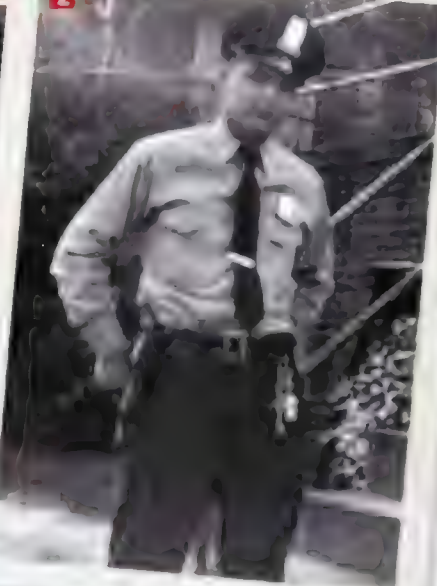
Jailing Mexicans, of course, is what sells to his base. In an influential retirement

community like Sun City, where the median age is 73, Arpaio serves as an armed security cop keeping out the riffraff. And he's not alone: All of the most prominent Republican politicians in the state, including Gov. Jan Brewer, have risen to power by inflaming anti-immigrant sentiment. They blame the Obama administration for failing to crack down on illegal immigrants, even though deportation has spiked under Obama. And contrary to their overheated rhetoric, there's almost no relationship between illegal immigration and crime. "Illegal immigrants make up less than 10 percent of those arrested," says Charles Katz, a professor of criminology at Arizona State University who conducts annual studies on crime in Maricopa County. "They're involved in less criminal activity than native-born Americans." Illegal immigrants, the studies show, are twice as likely to be employed than U.S. citizens and half as likely to use illegal drugs – yet thanks to Arpaio's tactics, they're far more likely to be arrested for drug offenses.

But Arpaio doesn't care about the complicated realities of immigration. For him, the equation is simple: Fear equals votes. While I'm with him, he happily trumpets reports that Mexican drug cartels and prison gangs are offering a reward for his head – proof, in his mind, of his effectiveness, and evidence that the Latino community harbors criminals. "He's vilified Latinos in such a way that normal people, they're scared to death," says Bill Richardson, a retired police officer. Such terror, in turn, only makes it harder for the police to do their jobs. "It creates fear in the Latino community for law enforcement," he says.

JOE ARPAIO'S ITINERANT career didn't predict his rise to notoriety. When he was first elected, in 1992, he'd been out of law enforcement for a decade and was working for his wife's travel agency. But he'd had brushes with fame. He led Dwight Eisenhower's inauguration parade in 1956, and he once arrested Elvis Presley in Las Vegas for speeding on a motorcycle (though he didn't realize who Presley was until he brought him into the station). In 1969, while working for a predecessor of the Drug Enforcement Administration, he partnered with G. Gordon Liddy for something called Operation Intercept, stopping every car that left Mexico to check for drugs.

Still, the signs were there. In 1981, a female investigator at the DEA named Laura Garcia sued Arpaio for race and gender discrimination. She later dropped the suit when she transferred to another



BEHIND THE BADGE Before he began to covet media attention (1), Arpaio worked as a rookie cop (2) and an agent at the DEA (3, at far left), where he was called "Nickel Bag Joe" in honor of his enthusiasm for small-time drug busts.

er agency, but she maintains that Arpaio actively sought to marginalize Hispanic agents in the Phoenix office. "He's not upholding the law as sheriff," she says. "He's just harassing and doing what he's always wanted to do to Hispanics." By the time Arpaio retired from the DEA in 1982, he was known among colleagues as "Nickel Bag Joe," in honor of his penchant for making small-time drug busts.

The role of sheriff retains a powerful hold on the public imagination in Arizona. Viewed as a last, colorful vestige of the Old West, the job has always attracted characters like Sheriff "Marryin'" Jerry Hill, who was married nine times, and Sheriff Dick Godbehere, a former lawn-mower repairman who set up bogus drug stings for local TV stations. But the sheriff is also the most powerful law-enforcement officer in rural and suburban areas, able to literally "make the law" by choosing which laws to enforce and which to ignore. Arpaio, in addition to his

savvy media stunts, makes a point of calling himself a "constitutional" sheriff, emphasizing his lofty mandate to uphold the U.S. Constitution – a political dog whistle to states' rights advocates and white supremacists who have a deep-seated hatred of the federal government.

Arpaio began focusing on illegal immigration about six years ago, after he watched an ambitious politician named Andrew Thomas get elected chief prosecutor of Maricopa County by promising to crack down on illegal immigrants. In 2006, shortly before the Department of Homeland Security empowered local law-enforcement agencies to act as an arm of the federal immigration effort, Arpaio created a Human Smuggling Unit – and used Thomas' somewhat twisted interpretation of the law to focus not on busting coyotes and other smugglers, but on going after the smuggled.

The move may have been indefensible from a legal standpoint, but it was polit-

ical gold: Arpaio quickly ramped up his arrest numbers, bringing him a round of fresh media attention. The sheriff made a splash by setting up roadblocks to detain any drivers who looked like they could be in the U.S. illegally – a virtual license to racially profile Hispanics. Reports of pull-overs justified by little or no discernible traffic violations were soon widespread: Latinos in the northeastern part of the county, one study shows, were nine times more likely to be pulled over for the same infractions as other drivers. Arpaio's men, the Justice Department alleges, relied on factors "such as whether passengers look 'disheveled' or do not speak English." Some stops were justified after the fact: A group of Latinos who were photographed sitting in a car, neatly dressed, were described in the police report as appearing "dirty," the ostensible rationale for the pull-over. Testifying on the stand on July 24th in a federal trial over his department's blatant record of racial profiling, Arpaio himself acknowledged that he once called the crackdown a

italize on that and he became the hero, the only guy who would single-handedly go after it."

When local political leaders in Phoenix have criticized Arpaio's tactics, the sheriff has simply used his power to go after the critics. In 2006, he formed an anti-corruption unit led by his chief deputy, David Hendershott, a large, intimidating man whose own co-workers used Darth Vader's theme song as a ringtone to herald his incoming calls. The unit, which worked hand-in-glove with county prosecutor Andrew Thomas, was tasked with rooting out political corruption, but quickly evolved into a de facto hit squad aimed at Arpaio's enemies. Hendershott conducted investigations and filed complaints against the county manager, four county judges and Maricopa's entire board of supervisors, all of whom had crossed Arpaio in one way or another. In one instance, the sheriff's office arrested a county board member who had questioned the costs associated with Arpaio's immigration crackdown, holding

for illegal immigrants. He arrested a handful of janitors, all of whom turned out to be documented workers – and then raided Gascón's police station to obtain the workers' computer files under the suspicion that their papers were invalid.

In the past decade, hundreds of lawsuits, ranging from wrongful deaths in Arpaio's jails to unlawful arrests, have been brought against the sheriff's office. Far from saving money with Arpaio's on-the-cheap Tent City, Maricopa County has been forced to shell out more than \$50 million to defend itself against lawsuits brought by the sheriff's victims – including nearly \$1 million awarded to one of the county supervisors who was illegally targeted by Arpaio's anti-corruption unit.

Arpaio, for his part, refuses to acknowledge the validity of any of his critics. They're all Democrats and political opportunists, he says, "trying to make a buck."

"ARPAIO KNOWS HOW TO APPEAL TO THE BASE," SAYS A FORMER POLICE CHIEF. "HE PIGGYBACKED ON THE FEAR OF IMMIGRATION."

"pure program to go after the illegals and not the crime first."

By loudly targeting illegal immigration, Arpaio has become a regular on Fox News and a hero to the Tea Party. His second book, published in 2008, is modestly titled *Joe's Law: America's Toughest Sheriff Takes on Illegal Immigration, Drugs and Everything Else That Threatens America*. He travels the country endorsing right-wing candidates and attracting millions of dollars in donations from political allies outside Arizona, giving him a financial advantage his opponents can't match. And he regularly courts celebrities. He has made a show of including action stars like Lou Ferrigno and Steven Seagal in his immigration posses, the informal groups Arpaio uses to conduct freelance patrols on behalf of the county. He even swore in Ted Nugent, whose self-professed goal for illegal immigrants is to "shoot 'em dead," as a "special deputy."

"Arpaio knows how to move the needle when it comes to appealing to the base," says George Gascón, a former police chief in the Phoenix suburb of Mesa who has engaged in a protracted battle with Arpaio over the sheriff's treatment of Latinos. "What he did very artfully is piggyback on this fear of illegal immigration that was becoming so prevalent in border states like Arizona. He was able to cap-

him in jail for several hours without ever filing a charge.

Nor was the press immune to Arpaio's high hand. In 2007, after the *Phoenix New Times* published an aggressive report on the sheriff's real-estate dealings, a special prosecutor appointed by Thomas issued subpoenas for more than two years of computer records from the newspaper, seeking everything published "regarding Sheriff Joe Arpaio from January 1st, 2004, to the present" – including information on anyone who had visited the website and read the stories. When the paper's top editor and CEO refused, they were arrested in late-night raids on their homes while their families looked on, and charged with violating grand-jury secrecy by reporting on the subpoenas. The case was thrown out, the prosecutor was fired, and the *New Times* has sued for \$15 million, a suit still making its way through the courts.

Arpaio has even fought with other law enforcement. In 2008, a series of crime sweeps by Arpaio's officers led to public protests in Mesa over harassment and racial profiling. To prevent Arpaio from sending officers to confront the protesters, as he had done in other towns, Mesa police chief George Gascón cordoned off the protesters and invited free-speech lawyers to represent them. Infuriated, Arpaio responded by conducting a late-night raid on the Mesa City Hall, ostensibly looking

THE MORNING AFTER JOE Arpaio learns about the Justice Department lawsuit, he holds a pre-emptive press conference at a police-training center on the outskirts of town. His staff had labored until midnight to complete a brochure detailing new guidelines for improving community relations. The cover image is of a Latino family petting a police dog.

"The sheriff is a model of community outreach," Arpaio's deputy proclaims at the press conference. "He's a very public person."

But if the brochure is meant to make nice with Latinos – and neutralize the rationale for the Justice Department's lawsuit – you wouldn't know it from Arpaio's grim visage as he sits listening to the presentation. When a local reporter asks about a comment Arpaio made in a deposition, dismissing complaints by Latinos as "civil rights crap," Arpaio gets visibly agitated.

"Do you really think I'm going to hide and not talk anymore?" he asks. "No. I love dealing with the Hispanic community!"

Last December, the Justice Department released findings from a three-year investigation into Arpaio's office, publishing a 22-page report of numerous instances of racial profiling and civil rights abuses. Instead of filing a lawsuit, prosecutors requested that Arpaio accept a federal monitor inside his office to observe his operation, something the Justice Department successfully tried with the Los Angeles Police Department in 2001. Arpaio refused to cooperate, claiming that the feds didn't have any evidence. "After they went after me," he bragged to an audience at an anti-immigration fundraiser, "we arrested 500 more just for spite."

The same day the Justice Department released its report, Homeland Security

stripped Arpaio of his power to jail and deport illegal immigrants on behalf of the federal government. The sheriff vowed to keep going after immigrants by arresting them for things like minor traffic infractions and then turning them over to be deported. He also dismissed the Justice Department report as a political move by the Obama administration, meant to curry favor with Latinos in the upcoming presidential election. "I think they had this planned," Arpaio says. "Hispanic vote. Election year. I'm the poster boy."

The morning after Arpaio's press conference, when the Justice Department's lawsuit is officially filed, federal prosecutors hold their own press conference, across the street from the sheriff's office. Tom Perez, the attorney for Justice's civil rights division, makes a point of calling Arpaio's new community-outreach brochure "an admission of the existence of a problem."

"At its core," he says, "this is an abuse-of-power case." The lawsuit includes allegations that Arpaio sought to "punish" critics "for their criticism and to prevent future criticism," including false and unethical prosecutions of political enemies and arrests of people who had expressed disagreement at county board meetings "by applauding."

Sitting in his office later that morning, Arpaio dismisses Perez as trying to score points with Latinos. "How did he open?" asks Arpaio. "*Buenos días!* Now, why would you open a press conference in Spanish? Why? '*Buenos días!*' It doesn't matter. He's talking to the media and the public. Why is he saying '*buenos días*? Are we in Mexico here?'"

Arpaio likes to hand out copies of the letter he received from the Justice Department in March 2009 informing him of the investigation, pointing to it as proof that the move is a political hit job by Obama. In reality, the investigation was set in motion during George W. Bush's final term, but it wasn't formally announced until the spring after Obama was elected. Perez adds that the fact-finding began well before he arrived in office, prompted by years of press reports and complaints from individuals and organizations in Arizona over abuses by Arpaio and his men.

As an elected official, Arpaio has had no check on his power other than the voters of Maricopa County, who have consistently looked the other way as evidence of abuses mounted, including a Pulitzer Prize-winning series by the local *East Valley Tribune* that detailed Arpaio's practice of racial profiling. The sheriff's office, which cooperated with the newspaper, was "operating so blatantly that they didn't mind if a reporter was around while they were doing really bad policing," notes George Gascón, the former police chief in Mesa.

Arpaio is similarly brazen about the Justice Department lawsuit, promising to eviscerate the claims before a jury. "They're gonna have to come up with witnesses and all the information they keep saying they have, which they won't give to us," he seethes. "So we'll see 'em in court." He calls the Justice Department's evidence of civil rights abuses "isolated incidents, and we can tear that apart too."

Perez promises that the Justice Department isn't bluffing. "We never file a lawsuit that we're not confident we can prove," he says. "It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that there is a crisis of confidence in many corners of the Maricopa County community. They're supposed to unite communities, not divide communities. This is a divided community."

I DID IT MYYYY WAY... It's Joe Arpaio's cellphone. After the Justice Department's press conference, he is ready to bask in the limelight.

"Hey, Neil Cavuto! I love ya, Neil," Arpaio says, winking at me while taking a call from the Fox News host. "You know

Arpaio announced that he was launching an investigation into the authenticity of Barack Obama's birth certificate, ostensibly on behalf of an Arizona Tea Party group that signed a petition requesting he look into it as a matter of law enforcement. "I'm not doing this for politics," he insists over lunch. "No politician will talk about it. So I know that's a risk too. If you want to call it a risk. But I did it. I stand by it. Regardless of the politics."

Joining us for lunch is Mike Zullo, an investigator from Arpaio's "cold-case posse," who has been tasked with "clearing the president" of any wrongdoing. Over tacos and enchiladas, Zullo tries to make the case that the official seal on Obama's long-form birth certificate the White House issued last year is fishy. "We have run this through over 500 different tests, trying to get computer software to do this, to replicate it, and it cannot be done," he says. "There's major problems. There's major implications for this."

"If things go right," Arpaio chimes in, the birther investigation "should take us into the White House."

How often do Arpaio and Zullo discuss this investigation? I ask.

ARPAIO IS "SUCH A GREAT GUY," SAYS A CLOSE ASSOCIATE. "BUT THE NARCISSISTIC PART OF HIM IS JUST SICKENING SOMETIMES."

me, I'm Italian like you are. We talk, talk, talk.... I miss you, Neil. How come you don't call me on good stuff, like when I lock up animal abusers?"

Arpaio has planned another press conference for after lunch. On two separate occasions, he's made a point of telling me that when he enters a Mexican restaurant, the staff runs out the back door – his idea of a joke about illegal immigrants working in kitchens. When I ask him to show me, he agrees – even insisting his deputies take us to a "dangerous" restaurant. Instead, we drive to a chain place called Garcia's, where Arpaio is greeted as a conquering hero by aging white diners with dentures and canes. A silver-haired man with Pall Malls in his pocket flags Arpaio at the entrance: "Sup, Joe. Good to see you!"

When a Latina waitress brings Arpaio his iced tea, he eyeballs it suspiciously. "Is it safe?" he asks, tilting his head toward the kitchen. "Anybody recognize me in there?" Then he whispers out of the side of his mouth: "Don't tell the cook I'm here."

"I just know we lost half of the employees," the waitress laughs, clearly in on the staff-running-out-the-back-door joke.

Last year, as scrutiny by the Justice Department began to heat up, Ar-

"A lot," says Zullo.

Zullo goes on to claim that there is a "nationwide news blackout" of the issue, including at Fox News. He says the network's owner, Rupert Murdoch, was pressured by Democratic donor and Republican bogeyman George Soros to never discuss the issue on air – or else the Obama administration would revoke Murdoch's broadcast license.

"It's been told to me that Murdoch is petrified over this," says Zullo. "Fox will not touch it."

When we get back to his office, Arpaio immediately does an interview with Fox News in which he talks to the correspondent about the birther investigation. In July, Arpaio goes on to make headlines everywhere by claiming – without introducing any actual evidence – that he has officially proved Obama's birth certificate is fraudulent.

And the conspiracies don't end there. Arpaio insists that the Justice Department's accusations, starting last December, have all been timed to divert attention from public-relations problems for Attorney General Eric Holder, including the controversy over the botched gun-running sting known as Operation Fast and Furious.

So it's all orchestrated? I ask.
"Orchestrated," says Arpaio, savoring the word. "I like that."

LIKE A LOT OF JOE ARPAIO'S entourage, Mike Zullo is an Italian-American from the Northeast, a large-muscled and mustachioed man who carries a 9-millimeter strapped to his belt (Arizona allows concealed firearms). Arpaio was raised in an extended Italian community in Massachusetts after his mother died giving birth to him. One of Arpaio's favorite stock lines is that his father came to the U.S. from Italy "legally." After a 50-year career in law enforcement, Arpaio still surrounds himself with other Italian-Americans, including both his bodyguards. He calls them his "Italian mafia."

Arpaio insists he's not a racist. And even some of his critics believe him, saying he's simply an opportunist who saw illegal immigration as a political hobbyhorse he could ride to greater glory. But when I ask Arpaio how many Latinos work in his headquarters in downtown Phoenix, where he employs about 40 people, he can think of only one.

"Well, we've got Paul," he says, stumped. "It's hard to explain. You know why? I don't care. I don't even think of that question you're saying. I did mention Paul because it's a high-level position. I can't even tell you who's Hispanic. We got Hispanic secretaries there, I presume, if you walk around in that floor." (He can, however, tell you who is Italian, to a man.)

"You go around here," he says, pointing to his fellow diners in Garcia's, "and most of the Hispanics come up to me and say, 'Thank you, Sheriff. I'm here legally. Thank you for your job.'"

I ask how his polling is doing.

"I have no idea," he says, "but I think I'm higher than ever."

But the Joe Arpaio show may be losing steam, especially as evidence emerges that his focus on illegal immigrants has come at the expense of serious crimes in his county. Last year, Arpaio was stung by a report that showed his office had failed to adequately investigate more than 400 sex crimes in Maricopa County from 2005 to 2007. The slipshod investigations came to light only when the Phoenix suburb of El Mirage dropped a law-enforcement contract it had with the sheriff's office – and discovered that Arpaio's men had left behind piles of unfinished cases, many of them involving children and illegal immigrants.

According to Bill Louis, the former El Mirage police chief who discovered the cases, Arpaio's investigators had been

moved off the sex crimes and onto illegal immigration. "He depleted the manpower so he could further his politically motivated investigations," says Louis, who has written a book titled *If There Were Any Victims*, a line Arpaio used in a grudging apology for what happened.

Louis says people frequently ask him if he's afraid Arpaio will retaliate. "What does that tell you about this guy?" he says. "About this elected sheriff who is supposed to be protecting our rights? For godsake, this is America."

But Arpaio's days of retaliation may be over. In the past year, some of Arpaio's top allies have been ensnared by investigations into their activities. Arpaio forced his chief deputy, David Hendershott, to resign after an internal report emerged detailing years of alleged corruption and misconduct, from spreading bogus statistics in the media to falsely charging and arresting political opponents. Andrew Thomas, the former attorney general for Maricopa County, was disbarred last spring after an ethics panel ruled he



had abused his powers by falsely prosecuting local officials for a nonexistent criminal conspiracy to attack the sheriff's office. The local news called Thomas a "monster" created by Joe Arpaio.

What's more, given Obama's recent easing of federal immigration policy, and the Supreme Court ruling that curbed Arizona's harsh immigration law, Arpaio is finding it harder to deport Mexicans who have committed no crimes. Now, if he turns innocent detainees over to Immigration and Customs Enforcement, they are supposed to be released. That means Arpaio's power to evict Mexicans from Maricopa – the issue he's been exploiting for political gain for the past six years – has effectively been neutered.

For Arpaio, the loss of his deportation power simply offers another opportunity to bash the federal government. "If ICE says, 'We're not coming,' what do I do with these people?" Arpaio asks. "Tell them, 'Welcome to America,' and put them back on the street? After 50 years of law enforcement, it just doesn't smell right."

Arpaio says he now plans on publicizing every illegal immigrant he releases from custody, turning them into symbols for the media, as much as George H.W. Bush used Willie Horton to scare voters during his 1988 presidential campaign. "I'm going to make a record," says Arpaio, "and if they commit a crime in the next hour..."

But as his police powers ebb, so does his influence as a political player on the national stage – the spotlight Arpaio most covets. Mitt Romney, the Republican nominee for president, has yet to appear with Arpaio this year or to ask for his endorsement, as he did back in 2008. "He forgot who I was," complains Arpaio. "When he came to town, he never invited me to his function this time around." That's because Arizona, long a GOP stronghold, could be up for grabs this fall, thanks to the rapidly growing, and increasingly empowered, Latino population. The conventional wisdom is that Romney will need at least 40 percent of the Latino vote to win key battleground states – meaning he can ill afford to antagonize Hispanic voters by cozying up to Joe Arpaio.

Arpaio, who endorsed Rick Perry during the GOP primary, considers Romney a fair-weather hard-liner when it comes to immigration. "In the primary, he was acting pretty tough – 'Lock them all up!' I don't do that. I just say it all the time."

Even among Arpaio's allies, there is growing concern that the sheriff's constant political baiting may be yielding diminishing returns for the cause of law enforcement in Maricopa County.


A close associate of Arpaio's tells me that voters who support the sheriff, as well as key members of his own staff, are tiring of the media circus. "Such a great guy, and a lot of people love him – but the narcissistic part of him, and the hey-everybody-look-at-me thing, is just sickening sometimes," the associate says. "I'm amazed that it's gone on as long as it has."

No one believes Joe Arpaio will lose his own re-election bid this fall, least of all Joe Arpaio. Half of voters in Maricopa County still approve of him, despite his almost entirely negative press. He has raised \$7 million in campaign funds, most of it from out-of-state donors who support his crack-down on illegal immigrants. Arpaio envisions himself being sheriff of Maricopa County well into his nineties, his 50-caliber pistol strapped to his wheelchair. The formula is clear: Keep stirring controversy, keep stoking the media, keep raking in the campaign contributions from far-flung donors. Just put on a show.

Hey! You! Get off of my cloud!

"After your article," promises Arpaio, "I'll probably get another \$2 million." ☛

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Rick Ross: Larger Than Life



How the Miami rapper sells high-life fantasies like no one else in hip-hop today



Rick Ross

God Forgives, I Don't

Maybach/Def Jam

★★★★

BY JONAH WEINER

It's perfect that the first word Rick Ross raps on *God Forgives, I Don't* is "hallucination" – after all, he's in the fantasy business. Over his career, Ross has gone from generic dope-boy with a stolen name (the actual Ross, a California cocaine drug lord, sued for copyright infringement) to unmasked former corrections officer to inspired charlatan, who pretends to be a high-living kingpin – sticking to his script with hammy gusto, never breaking character. In interviews, Ross laid out a clear MO for his fifth album: He wanted to craft the equivalent of a Scorsese or Tarantino film.

There are times when *God Forgives* is as engrossing and surprising as rap can be. Over beats that alternate between sparkling, decadent string arrangements and assaultive, synthesized blare, Ross pretzels hip-hop's familiar rags-to-riches arc into a Möbius strip, slaloming around an autobiographical timeline that may or may not be his own. One moment he's enjoying "20-stack seats at the Heat game"; the next he's counting small-timer "brown-bag money." Here he's in a Maybach; a few bars down he's in a rental car. An Audemars Piguet on "Amsterdam"

morphs into an empty fridge on the next song. Soon he's shouting, "Fuck all these broke niggas!" The result is a thrilling whiplash effect. Ross never feasts here for long without fretting about famine.

There are human-size details throughout: His wish to see "each one of my kids born," on "Amsterdam"; his mom's minimum-wage salary, on "Ashamed." Ross' favorite scale, though, is still Big & Tall – he remains rap's reigning maximalist. On "Maybach Music IV," where J.U.S.T.I.C.E. League set *louche* electric guitars atop hotel-spa synths, he raps, "Get a blowjob, have a seizure on the Lear" – a reference to two seizures he had in 2011. (One was on a Delta flight, which doesn't have quite the same ring.)

Ross is a restless eccentric masquerading as a no-frills traditionalist, and his best boasts go overboard to the point of incoherence. Over blissful chants on the Pharrell-produced "Presidential," he brags about "walking on Jewish marble." (Balling at a synagogue?) On "911," mashing together materialism and fatalism, he fantasizes about driving his Porsche to heaven.

There are flaws. Finer versions of most of these beats exist on Ross' 2010 triumph, *Teflon Don*: The Skinemax-sax on "Sixteen," to wit, is a faint echo of past sumptuousness. The gassy, cliché-stuffed "Diced Pineapples" may be the worst song Ross has ever made. But Ross has grown into a near-virtuoso rhymers: splashing in alliterative eddies, capable of crisp enunciation and consonant-melting barks. His luminary guests include Jay-Z and Andre 3000, who, like Ross, play fast and loose with fact: "Used to shop in T.J. Maxx back in '83," Jay notes, adding, "I don't even know if it was open then." Andre rhymes, "Summer '88. Or was it '89? Or was it wintertime?" "It's just another story at the campfire," Ross raps elsewhere, and that's his specialty: unburdening rap from the tyranny of realness, one tall tale at a time.

LISTEN NOW!

Hear key tracks from these albums at rollingstone.com/albums



The Dust Bowl balladeer: Guthrie

This Box Set Kills Facists

Compilation proves the man behind "This Land Is Your Land" still has something to teach us

Woody Guthrie *Woody at 100: The Woody Guthrie Centennial Collection* Smithsonian Folkways ★★★★★½



This sumptuous birthday celebration of America's greatest folk singer is really a present to us: two CDs of his greatest songs and recordings, mostly from the mid-1940s, and a disc of illuminating rarities, including what is thought to be Guthrie's first studio session in 1939.

Woody at 100 also comes rife with reminders of how much our current dire straits resemble the Depression-and-Dust Bowl-ravaged America in Guthrie's songs: the migrant poor harvesting bounty for the rich man's table in "Pastures of Plenty"; the line in "Pretty Boy Floyd" about the crook who robs you "with a fountain pen."

Guthrie was not born into struggle; his Oklahoma family prospered in the Twenties oil boom. But he responded to the calamity and inequities of his time with incisive energy. In "Do Re Mi," first recorded at that debut session, Guthrie uses a childlike phrase to nail the crying shame of an empty pocket, then a jaunty chorus to blow the gloom away. That moral spine and Guthrie's poetic way with the vernacular were central to the folk revival. They still run deep in active disciples like Bruce Springsteen and Tom Morello.

But *Woody at 100* is the pure, charged source of that legacy. In the 1940 version of the dust-storm story "So Long, It's Been Good to Know Yuh," Guthrie's spry voice spills across his bony, restless picking like he's already shaken off that ocean of dirt and hit the road, certain that his American dream, good friends and willing hands are all waiting at the next turn.

KEY TRACKS:
"Do Re Mi,"
"Pretty Boy Floyd"

DAVID FRICKE



Various Artists

Sparkle: Original Motion Picture Soundtrack RCA

★★★★½

Whitney's last cuts weren't up to her legend, but this still sparkles

The headline-grabbers here are two Whitney Houston songs, her last-ever recordings. They're also this soundtrack's low points. "Celebrate" is forgettable disco pop, and on the gospel standard "His Eye Is on the Sparrow," Houston sings – and croaks – in a voice octaves lower than in her prime. At times the song has a ravaged magnificence, but mostly it's painful. Otherwise, though, this is a delightful record, from Cee Lo's soul-funk "I'm a Man" to Jordin Sparks' torch-y "One Win." *Sparkle* revives four soul chestnuts and includes three originals written and produced by R. Kelly. It's the second-most-satisfying retro-soul album of the year – after Kelly's *Write Me Back*.

JODY ROSEN



Jeff the Brotherhood

Hypnotic Nights Warner Bros.

★★★★½

Tennessee brother band is scuzzy and spacey

The title of the second LP by Jeff the Brotherhood is truth in advertising: This drums-guitar duo of Tennessee brothers know how to zone out – from the two-chord scuzz-Ramones blitz of "Staring at the Wall" to Weezerian sludge pop like "Dark Energy" to "Hypnotic Winter," where drummer Jamin Orrall's krautrock pulse undergirds brother Jake's driving trance-strum. The LP is a little more stoner-y than last year's *We Are the Champions*, and it's got a good-natured sense of slacker irony; covering Black Sabbath's grand piano ballad "Changes" so it sounds like it was recorded in a haunted house perfectly splits the difference between homage and satire.

JON DOLAN

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TOP SINGLES

No Doubt's Buoyant Return

No Doubt "Settle Down" ★★½

The beat is Caribbean, with hints of Seventies funk and Eighties electro percolating up through the mix. There are burly rock power chords. The chorus is a big, delicious bubble-gum flavor burst. In other words: The first new No Doubt song in nearly a decade sounds an awful lot like No Doubt a decade ago. What's surprising about "Settle Down," however, is how well the sound has held up: Strip some of the production gloss off "Settle Down," and it could be a Santigold record. But No Doubt are unabashedly themselves: still a lovably ditzzy SoCal party band, right down to Gwen Stefani's surfer-chick beatitudes: "I'm hella positive for real... Nothing's gonna knock this girl down."

JODY ROSEN



Hella back: No Doubt

Band of Horses: Rocking Out at Full Gallop

Band of Horses "Knock Knock" ★★½



Band of Horses usually lie deep in the sweet spot between the dreamy Nineties guitar majesty of Built to Spill and gorgeously harmonized, golden-bearded Seventies folk rock. But this has more going on under the hood than usual, implying the band's

upcoming LP will be its most rocking yet. Ben Bridwell sings about "a ramshackle crew with something to prove" over guitars that are more Crazy Horse than America while the drums gallop out of the garage.

JON DOLAN

On-the-Rise MC Invites Kanye to His B-Day Party

2 Chainz, feat. Kanye West "Birthday Song" ★★

"All I want for my birthday is a big booty call," Atlanta rapper 2 Chainz barks on his new single, underscoring his zest for rap's simple pleasures – a slinky strip-club beat, a burial plot in the jewelry store and a hyped-up Kanye West cameo. "Birthday Song" doesn't have the casual brilliance of his 2011 hit "I Spent It," but 2 Chainz is clearly cut from the Lil Jon/Waka Flocka Flame mold, where good-natured charisma can trump talent.



J.D.

2 Chainz

SHORT CUTS

The Vaccines "Teenage Icon" ★★½

These Brit-pop guys are like the Strokes with a better sense of humor. "I always figured I was somebody-in-wait' singer Justin Young faux-bemoans on this ode to not quite being almost famous. Watch out, sport – with songs this catchy, you might be."

J.D.

Danny Brown and AraabMUZIK "Molly Ringwald" ★★½

On this indie-rap summit, Motor City madman Danny Brown squawks over a menacing hookless grind from buzzed-over producer AraabMUZIK, his flow relentless and, as usual, comically perverse: After lines riffing off "hair," "Cher," "day care," "Rocawear" and so on, he rhymes "watch Colbert" with "never sober." Heads up, Comedy Central.

WILL HERMES

Kreayshawn "Go Hard" ★★

The rapper behind the viral earworm "Gucci Gucci" proves a bratty, insult-slinging MC can turn into a trash-pop princess, given a jittery enough dance beat and a little de-snarking. There's a familiar storyline – lifting stepdad's plastic, doing doughnuts in the parking lot – but the raft of earnest la-la-las speaks to her liberation.

NICK CATUCCI

Lelf "Wut" ★★

Doing for booty-fiend club jams what Frank Ocean does for R&B bromance, producer-rapper Lelf (see Das Racist's "Combination Pizza Hut and Taco Bell") comes on like a drag-ball Missy Elliott over horn splats and bass drops, claiming the slur "light in my loafers" as a gay-pride declaration.

W.H.

BOOTLEGS

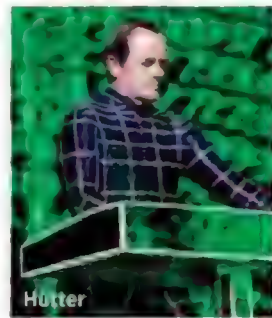
The Cure

San Miguel Primavera Sound Festival
Barcelona

June 1st, 2012

The Cure aren't touring behind a new album this summer, which has given them an opportunity to dig deep into their catalog – especially when they're opting to play marathon 36-song sets. This show from a Spanish festival features note-perfect renditions of the obvious hits ("Just Like Heaven," "Pictures of You," "Lovesong") alongside the first performance of the *Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me* deep cut "Fight" in 25 years, not to mention the first-ever live take on the 1982 über-rarity "Just One Kiss." Robert Smith is 53, but his voice is remarkably well-preserved, and the band is in tremendous form. Here's hoping the Cure bring this show stateside sometime soon.

ANDY GREENE



Hütter

Kraftwerk

Makuhari Messe
Tokyo

July 7th, 2012

These electronic-music pioneers may not be the most obvious group to headline a No Nukes protest concert in Tokyo, but from the opening notes of their anti-nuclear 1975 classic "Geiger Counter/Radioactivity," they prove why they were an inspired choice. (In a nice touch, lead singer Ralf Hütter even delivers the song – originally in German – in Japanese.) Bizarre World War II overtones aside, this is a great set. Hütter is the only original member of Kraftwerk left, but he and his bandmates still know how to make mesmerizing music out of their rippling keyboards and mechanical rhythms. Seventies songs such as "The Robots" and "Trans-Europe Express" are the focus of the hour-long set, and the songs still manage to sound ahead of their time 35 years later.

A.G.

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IN THE STUDIO

Marriage, Motherhood and Wild Rage: Inside Pink's New Album

Album *The Truth About Love*
Due Out September 18th

PINK SMILES AND DIGS into a plate of nachos not far from the Venice, California, studio where she recorded her sixth LP. The singer seems happy and relaxed; she and her husband, motocross star Carey Hart, are now the parents of an adorable one-year-old girl, Willow. So what's with the bile on her new single, "Blow Me (One Last Kiss)," where she vents, "You think I'm just too serious/ I think you're full of shit?"

"It's very easy for me to tap into 'go fuck yourself,'" Pink says. "Maybe that's the only way I feel powerful. I'm in the best place I've ever been in my life, and I'd say it's 80 percent happiness and 20 percent sheer confusion and fear that I'll fuck it up somehow. I'm consumed by my emotions."

Among the standout tracks on *The Truth About Love*—made with producers including longtime collaborator Butch Walker—are "Beam Me Up," which Pink describes as "my acoustic song that I do on every record," and the ballad "The Great Escape," about how the whole world seems to be on antidepressants. Another highlight, "How Come You're Not Here," is full of revenge-minded lyrics about a dalliance Hart had when they were separated a few years back: "I heard she's cute,

but she stores nuts like a squirrel." They've since mended their relationship, and Pink says that Hart's first response to the song was "Fuuuuuck. We can put that to bed now, right?" She said yes—after the world tour.

"My goal on this record was to incorporate a little more musicality," Pink adds. "Every album, I'm worried that I'm a dork and a fraud—what if I can't sing anymore? Then I stop thinking and start playing guitar, and I realize that it's OK to suck, and move forward. Then it clicks and I'm like, 'I'm fucking awesome!'"

SAVIN EDWARDS



Pink in Venice, California

STUDIO NOTES

Band of Horses team with Glyn Johns

The South Carolina indie crew recorded September 18th's *Mirage* Rock live to analog tape in Los Angeles with Stones and Who producer Glyn Johns. "I still use precisely the same methods that I always did," says Johns. "If there's any editing to be done, I'll do it with a razor blade." Standout tunes, including "Shut-in Tourist" and "Dumpster World," showcase the band's warm, Laurel Canyon-inspired harmonies. "There were some, like, wiggly times during the last record," says Band of Horses frontman Ben Bridwell. "But on this one, everyone was in a much cooler place, mentally and physically."

Fogerty revisits hits with Foos, MMJ

For his new album, *Wrote a Song for Everyone* (due out October 9th), Creedence Clearwater Revival's John Fogerty cut new versions of his old tunes with guests including Bob Seger, My Morning Jacket and Brad Paisley. He's especially psyched about "Fortunate Son," recorded with the Foo Fighters. Says Fogerty, "It has their swagger."



Fogerty

Martin Solveig plots dance-floor invasion

After producing several tracks for Madonna's *MDNA* and scoring his own hit with electro jam "Hello," Parisian house DJ Martin Solveig is preparing a new U.S. edition of his 2011 album *Smash*. The disc, due out later this year, features dubstep, rock and French disco beats—plus huge pop hooks sung by guests including Bloc Party frontman Kele Okereke and Top 40 breakout Dev. "I have more of a pop influence than any other DJ," says Solveig. "I love listening to Britney Spears."



Joss Stone

The Soul Sessions Vol. 2

Stone/D-S-Curve

★ ★ ½

British diva pounds the life out of classic soul songs

If Joss Stone couldn't sing, she'd make a wicked DJ. Here, she flaunts her crate-digging skills, and her gale-force belting, on a collection of Seventies (and Seventies-esque) soul. She unearths two Chi-Lites chestnuts and gives Broken Bells' "The High Road" a psychedelic-soul makeover. But her musical instincts are off, and she steamrolls nearly every song with her bombastic blues growl. Seek out the originals. **JODY ROSEN**



Sugar

Copper Blue Merge

★ ★ ★ ★

Where Hüsker Dü's ex-frontman got his noise-bitten groove back

After a couple of turgid post-Hüsker Dü solo albums, Bob Mould came back with a new band and a return to his former group's buoyant, noise-bitten alt-rock. This expanded reissue adds B sides and live tracks to an album that cut through the grunge-y haze of 1992 with crisp Sixties melodies and the daring emotional clarity of songs like "The Slim," about someone lost to AIDS. **JON DOLAN**



Twin Shadow

Confess 4AD

★ ★ ★ ½

Retro pop so spot on it should come with neon leg warmers

Hipsterland has produced hundreds of Eighties revivalists, but with his leather jacket and pinup-boy good looks, Florida's George Lewis Jr. might be the only one who actually looks like he could've been in an MTV haircut band. Here, he collapses Prince, Depeche Mode and Corey Hart into a richly schlocky LP, bleeding neon all over songs that would be worthy side-closers on any *Breakfast Club*-era breakup tape. **J.D.**



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REVIEWS MUSIC

DVDS



'Marley': A Legend in Sharp Focus

New documentary may be the definitive portrait of international pop's most potent star

Marley Magnolia ★★★★★



Thirty-one years after his death, Bob Marley's music is so omnipresent that it's easy to forget its power, beauty and strangeness. Kevin MacDonald's documentary remedies that amnesia, and more. Produced with the cooperation of the Marley family, it's as complete a picture as we're likely to get of the superstar. MacDonald situates Marley in a larger story of Jamaican and African history: The son of an aged, white colonial supervisor and a teenage black woman, he was a racial outcast growing up, as childhood pal Bunny Waller points out; Marley's cultural-unity quest was thus rooted in both his genes and his consciousness. There are rare recordings and stunning performance clips (a 1976 concert two days after Marley was shot by a would-be assassin). Criticism is sparing and mainly targets his family-man shortcomings; son Ziggy notes he was no "love-dovey daddy," and daughter Cedella laments his sexual lifestyle, which produced 11 kids from seven different women. The image is correctly more man than god. After nearly two and a half hours, all you could ask for is more music. And that remains out there for the savoring.

WILL HERMES



The New No 2

The Fear of Missing Out H.O.T.

★★★★

A Beatle's son takes dad's example into the 21st century

The best moments on the second LP by Dhani Harrison's band recall his dad, George, without sounding like him — "Staring Out to Sea," with co-vocals by Ben Harper, evokes the uneasy bliss of "Long, Long, Long" amid dubstep wub-wub. The future-shocked verses and digital wheeling often miss their marks, but as a vehicle for Harrison's soulful voice, the band is a work-in-progress worth watching. **W.H.**



The Very Best

MTMTMK

Cooperative/Moshi Moshi

★★★★

Afropop goes to the disco again — with catchier results

This duo — Malawian singer Esau Mwamwaya and Swedish-born producer Johan Hugo — are so well-suited to produce hipster accolades, they invite suspicion before you've heard a note. But *MTMTMK* dispels doubts, improving on the debut with bigger hooks — see "Rumbae," a synch-lashed dance track fun (and dopey) enough to fit into David Guetta's DJ sets. **JODY ROSEN**

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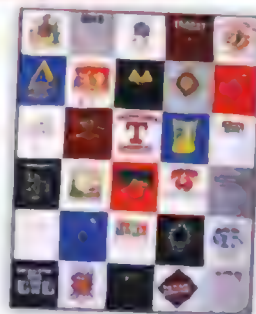
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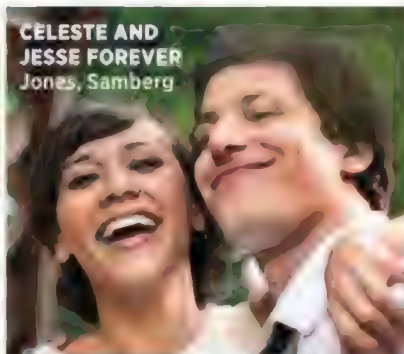
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RUBY SPARKS
Kazan, Dano



CELESTE AND JESSE FOREVER
Jones, Samberg



2 DAYS IN NEW YORK
Rock, Delpy



HOPE SPRINGS
Jones, Streep

Love on the Rocks

A quartet of bittersweet summer rom-coms challenge the Hollywood notion of a happy ending for every set of lovers **By Peter Travers**

Celeste and Jesse Forever

Rashida Jones, Andy Samberg

Directed by Lee Toland Krieger

★★★

CHILDHOOD SWEETHEARTS Celeste (Rashida Jones) and Jesse (Andy Samberg) call it quits after six years of marriage. Back off, I'm not spoiling the ending. That's how this breath of fresh comic air begins. Celeste is on a career high, spotting hot trends for an L.A. marketing company. When artist-wanna-be Jesse settles for slacking, alpha-girl Celeste loses her patience. But even after the split, they stay besties, sharing in-jokes like mock jerking off any handy pencil or banana. Their bond is hell on their mutual friends (Ari Graynor and Eric Christian Olsen), and especially on their dating lives. As expected, Jones (*Parks and Recreation*) and Samberg (a

former *SNL* VIP) nail every laugh. More surprisingly, they also play their characters for real, letting confusion and hurt seep in between the sillier setups. Jones, who co-wrote the sharply funny and touching script with actor Will McCormack, is simply glorious. And Samberg shines in a grounded performance that digs deep. He mixes it up with a terrific McCormack, as his pot-addled pal, and Jones confides in her gay co-worker (Elijah Wood). And yet those sitcom staples don't sink the ship. Credit director Lee Toland Krieger, of the underrated *The Vicious Kind*, for keeping just the right emotional balance as Celeste alienates a series of suitors (Rafi Gavron, Chris Messina) and Jesse tries to do the right thing by a pregnant one-night stand (Rebecca Dayan). What really lifts *Celeste and Jesse Forever* above the rom-com herd, besides breakout star perfor-

mances from Jones and Samberg, is the movie's willingness to replace clichés with painful truths. It's irresistible.

Ruby Sparks

Zoe Kazan, Paul Dano

Directed by Jonathan Dayton and Valerie Faris

★★★★

IT'S BEEN SIX YEARS SINCE directors Jonathan Dayton and Valerie Faris (their background is in music videos) sprung their debut film, *Little Miss Sunshine*, on audiences and Oscar voters. Their second feature, *Ruby Sparks*, with a sharply witty and poignant script by Zoe Kazan, is another scrappy human comedy that stays admirably allergic to sappy. Kazan, a strikingly gifted actress who called film and theater icon Elia Kazan grandpa, stars as Ruby Sparks, a dream girl in the eyes of Calvin (Paul Dano). No wonder: Cal-

vin wrote her that way. A novelist who scored a Salinger-like success with the debut novel he wrote as a teen, Calvin now suffers from writer's block and romance stasis. When his therapist (Elliott Gould) gives Calvin a one-page writing assignment, Calvin comes up with a muse in the form of Ruby. Then he meets her, for real, in a park. When Ruby isn't all he wants, he heads to his portable typewriter and shapes her just by tapping a few keys. It's a delicate comic premise that doesn't get sabotaged by crude. The married Dayton and Faris have cast Kazan and Dano, also a real-life couple, in a movie about the power shifts in any relationship. Calvin can't keep his secret to himself, showing his brother Harry (Chris Messina) how he can type Ruby to fit his needs. But when Calvin takes Ruby to meet his free-spirited mother (Annette Bening) and her artist lover (Antonio Banderas), she jumps off his literary leash to stand as her own woman. The result is something you won't see coming. Don't look for sweet and embraceable. This movie is not afraid to show its claws. Like the spirited teamwork of Kazan and Dano, *Ruby Sparks* is honest, deep and true.

2 Days in New York

Chris Rock, Julie Delpy

Directed by Julie Delpy

★★½

FEW THINGS CAN SCREW UP the delicate balance of cohabitation like a visit from family, especially when they practically crawl into bed with you. That's the premise of *2 Days in New York*, a bawdy comic bash in which French writer-director-actress Julie Delpy shows how closeness can leave bruises. She plays Marion, a photographer we met in Delpy's *2 Days in Paris* (2007), in which Marion's brief visit with her French family puts a rift between her and her Gotham guy, Jack (Adam Goldberg). Now Marion pulls a reverse. Her gallery opening sparks a visit from her Paris family, including dad Jeannot (Delpy's real-life dad, Albert), sister Rose (co-screenwriter Alexia Landeau) and Rose's loose-cannon boyfriend, Manu (Alex Nahon).

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MOVIES

Jack is gone, replaced by Minus (Chris Rock), a journalist with a radio show and a short fuse when it comes to occupying the cramped space he shares with Marion's son by Jack and his daughter from a previous relationship. Delpy is boundlessly appealing. And Rock is acerbic fun, notably in the imaginary debates he stages with Obama. But the frenzied cross-cultural gags take the piss out of the real subject: how blood ties can turn love into a battlefield.

Hope Springs

Meryl Streep, Tommy Lee Jones, Steve Carell

Directed by David Frankel

★★★

YOUNG LOVE IS REPLACED by the AARP version in *Hope Springs*, a risky proposition in age-phobic Hollywood despite the incomparable presence of Meryl Streep and Tommy Lee Jones. *Hope Springs* is a treat for thirtysomethings, and by that I mean couples who've been together for 30 years. That's the case for Kay (Streep) and Arnold (Jones), who have marriage down to a dull science. They know each other so well they barely speak. Kay has needs even 100 cable channels can't meet.

She practically blackmails Arnold to join her at an intensive couples' retreat in the small Maine town of Great Hope Springs, where Dr. Bernie Feld (a delightfully deadpan Steve Carell) will toss them into a weeklong Olympics of intimacy. What could have been strained farce or, worse, geezer porn, morphs instead into a film of hilarious and heartfelt pleasures. Director David Frankel, who guided Streep to bitchy comedic heights in *The Devil Wears Prada*, works resonant wonders with a script by Vanessa Taylor (*Game of Thrones*) that has all the earmarks of a mawkish Lifetime movie. It helps that Frankel has two of the best actors on the planet to raise the game. Streep, a powerhouse inhabiting the role of a timid wife and mother, uses her exquisite timing and no-bull instinct for truth to show us a woman yearning to blossom without knowing how. And Jones matches her with 50 shades of grumpy that give way to something tender in Arnold. Within limits, of course. *Hope Springs* knows happy endings are provisional. What this exuberant gift of a movie offers Kay and Arnold is a renewed appetite for life. And that never gets old.



Hill, Stiller, Ayoade and Vaughn (from left)

Aliens Invade for Laughs

The Watch

Ben Stiller, Vince Vaughn, Jonah Hill

Directed by Akiva Schaffer

★ ½

We got problems. Start with the title. It used to be *Neighborhood Watch* till unarmed teen Trayvon Martin was killed by a Florida NW volunteer. Then there's the movie itself, which should be crazy, stupid fun but settles for just stupid. Suburban husband

Ben Stiller manages a Costco (a movie-long plug), which aliens are using for their global takeover. Who's he gonna call? Vince Vaughn, Richard Ayoade and a scene-stealing Jonah Hill. They're funny guys, and their bud Seth Rogen helped write the script. And yet the laughs rarely come as the actors shout their lines as if the script were written in ALL CAPS. What should have been at least *Ghostbusters* lite ends up sliming audiences with sloppy seconds.

BREAKING BAD

[Cont. from 51] "I look at my wife, and she's so emotional, she can't hold it in," he says. "She is beautifully honest, and I marvel at women. If there's another life for me, I would like to experience that as a woman, because I want to see what that's like."

As a teenager, Cranston was deeply confused about his future, so he followed in the footsteps of his brother, who had joined a police-academy youth group that gave kids a chance to travel. It put Cranston on a path to becoming a police officer, which he moved away from forever at age 19 when his pursuit of girls led him to an acting class. "I said, 'Women. This is what I want to master. This is where I want to be.' And, yeah, so the hormones of a 19-year-old boy basically dictated the projection of where I was going to go as an adult. Amazing."

The police group did have other benefits – after I tell Cranston that Paul regretted sharing his virginity-loss story, he offers to top it: When Cranston was 16, he and his fellow teen police explorers spent six weeks in Europe. Amsterdam was a particular revelation. "Beer is a nickel, and the hookers are cheap – it was 24 guilders, which I think was \$8, to get laid. We're all writing home to our parents for more money, 'We're having such a good time, Mom and Dad! Please send more money! We promise to pay you back! We've got to protect the citizens from the hookers!'"

After working blue-collar jobs – loading crates on the graveyard shift stands out vividly – he spent two years on a motorcycle trip with his brother that sounds movie-worthy in itself (they would hook up with carnivals or bus tables for money, traveling from town to town). He fell into a starter marriage, but realized he wasn't ready to settle down, and began pursuing acting: His big break came with a soap-opera role when he was 26. He wasn't actually famous until he got the role of Hal – the goofy dad on *Malcolm in the Middle* – at age 42, so he never went wild with success. "Pot was the only drug I've ever done," he says. "It just makes me sleepy."

He's had therapy in part to deal with his childhood issues, and dabbled in self-help in the Eighties. "I did take a Scientology class," he says. "A friend of mine was a Scientologist, and he told me about a course and I took it. It was really good." But he left it there. "I just check it out. I'm not addictive." He still sees a therapist in L.A. from time to time, "when I feel edgy or anxiety-ridden." And he and his wife of 20-plus years see a couples counselor when necessary. "The deal with my wife is that if either of us feel like we want to go, the other cannot raise an objection."

He has trouble naming the worst thing he's ever done. Maybe a little petty theft, and in any case he gave back the money. Then he comes up with another thing: He was kind of a selfish lover as a young man.

"Once I started focusing on giving pleasure as opposed to just demanding it and wanting it, the overall experience, as far as sex is concerned, was far enhanced."

The most important performance of Cranston's life turned out to be on a sixth-year episode of *The X-Files*, in which he played a creepy bigot who was the victim of a Navy experiment that meant he would die if he ever stopped driving at a certain speed. The episode was written by Vince Gilligan, who never forgot how impressed he was by Cranston's ability to make a vile character seem sympathetic – he didn't let six years of *Malcolm in the Middle* dissuade him from pushing for Cranston as *Breaking Bad*'s star. "But Sony and AMC were not convinced I was the guy, because Walter White wasn't Hal from *Malcolm in the Middle*," says Cranston, who heard that Steve Zahn was up for the role instead.

"I fear for the day when this is over," says Gilligan. "I don't want this to be my highlight."

He let it be known that he had an offer for another pilot from Fox (he would've been playing a doctor), and he's convinced that's what made the execs pull the trigger.

Still, Cranston says, "If Steve Zahn did Walter, we'd go, 'Oh, my God. Steve Zahn is the guy! Can you imagine anybody but Steve Zahn doing it?' And you wouldn't be able to."

THERE'S A BEAT-UP ROADSIDE pay phone just outside one of this season's locations in downtown Albuquerque, and Aaron Paul has taken to tweeting its number out to fans, answering their calls between scenes. On an airless late afternoon, he's taking a call at that booth and making up endings for the show. "Jesse dies in the finale," he says, squinting in the searing sunshine. "Don't tell anyone. He gets his head caught in an RV door and it gets ripped off. Then Walt melts his body and uses it in a formula for a new kind of crystal meth. He also decides to be a cannibal and eats the body."

After a while, Paul says goodbye, and claps his hands with glee. "The guy was like, 'Really? No! I thought Jesse would die a more epic death than that.'" With only eight episodes left – they start filming again in November or December – everyone is thinking about the end. No one knows exactly what that will be – even Gilligan, who's impressed to hear that *Mad Men* showrunner Matthew Weiner already knows what his own show's final image will be. "We try to be Bobby Fischer, play-

ing chess," he says. "We try to think as many moves ahead as we can. But, sometimes, that can be a trap, because the best kind of storytelling is very organic." At the beginning of season four, the writers had one index card up on their board: It said "ding, boom." They knew that they wanted Hector Salamanca to kill Gus Fring, but they weren't sure how they would get there.

The final season, one presumes, will return to the flash-forward future seen at the beginning of this season's first episode – in which an exiled Walt returns to Albuquerque, heavily armed. Filming that scene was perhaps the only time Cranston asked for information that wasn't in the script. "I asked Vince several specific questions. I said, 'Am I alone?' And he goes, 'Yeah.' I said, 'Why am I coming back to Albuquerque?' He said, 'You're coming back because you need to protect someone.' And I went, 'OK. Is the cancer back?' He didn't quite answer that. He said, 'Possibly.'"

Gilligan is anxious about the ending – and not just because of his desire to live up to fans' expectations. "I fear for the day when this is over," says Gilligan. "I honestly fear that this will be the highlight of my career. And you don't want it to be! You'd rather be Clint Eastwood than Orson Welles. You'd rather be doing some of your best work toward the end than at the beginning of it. Though, shit, I'd take Orson Welles in a New York minute!"

Many of the actors have their own hopes, or at least fears. "If Jesse does end up dying," says Paul, "I hope it's not him getting shot in the back. I hope he goes out guns blazing!" Dean Norris is hoping for a big showdown with Walt, which seems highly likely (if you have a DEA agent brother-in-law above the mantelpiece, he should probably go off in the third act). And Bob Odenkirk just wants Saul Goodman to survive, so he has a chance at the spinoff show that Gilligan has at least half-seriously suggested.

For a long time, Cranston expected Walt to die at the end – a reasonable prediction for a character with terminal cancer. "But then I started rethinking it, and I thought it wouldn't surprise me if the guy who is creating all this crap, the toxic avenger himself, lives. It wouldn't surprise me at all. The guy who should die, doesn't!"

If there's one thing no one's expecting, it's a happy ending. "This isn't going to be a fairy tale," Paul says, sipping his beer across from Cranston at the Irish bar. "But I know there will be a time where I'm not ever going to get to zip on this skin again, and I love Jesse so much. I really do."

Cranston breaks the solemnity: "For me, at the end of this," he says, "I just can't wait to get away from all these assholes."

"He's just saying that 'cause he's hurting deep, deep inside," Paul replies.

Cranston smiles, looking absolutely nothing like Walter White. "No," he says. "I'm not."

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CHARTS

iTUNES TOP 10 SONGS

- Flo Rida**
"Whistle" *Poe Boy/Atlantic*
- Jason Aldean**
"Take a Little Ride" *Broken Bow*
- Katy Perry**
"Wide Awake" *Parlophone/Capitol*
- Carly Rae Jepsen**
"Call Me Maybe" *Schoolboy/Interscope*
- Pink**
"Blow Me (One Last Kiss)" *RCA*
- Maroon 5**
"Payphone" *A&M/Octone*
- fun.**
"Some Nights" *Fueled by Ramen*
- Cher Lloyd**
"Want U Back" *Syco/Epic*
- David Guetta**
"Titanium" *Capitol*
- Ellie Goulding**
"Lights" *Cherrytree/Interscope*

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- Dirty Projectors**
Swing Lo Magellan *Domino*
- Metric**
Synthetica *MHI/Mom + Pop*
- Ty Segall Band**
Slaughterhouse *In the Red*
- Hot Chip**
In Our Heads *Domino*
- Fiona Apple**
The Idler Wheel... *Clean Slate/Epic*
- Japandroids**
Celebration Rock *Polyvinyl*
- Jeff the Brotherhood**
Hypnotic Nights *Warner Bros.*
- Echo Lake**
Wild Peace *Slumberland*
- The Smashing Pumpkins**
Oceania *EMI*
- The Tallest Man on Earth**
There's No Leaving Now *Dead Oceans*

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From the Vault

RS 636, August 6th, 1992

TOP 10 SINGLES

- Madonna**
"This Used to Be My Playground" *Sire*
- Sir Mix-A-Lot**
"Baby Got Back" *Def American*
- TLC**
"Baby-Baby-Baby" *LaFace*
- Boyz II Men**
"End of the Road" *Motown*
- Guns N' Roses**
"November Rain" *Geffen*
- Billy Ray Cyrus**
"Achy Breaky Heart" *Mercury*
- Jon Secada**
"Just Another Day" *S&K*
- Tom Cochrane**
"Life Is a Highway" *Capitol*
- En Vogue**
"Giving Him Something He Can Feel" *EastWest*
- George Michael**
"Too Funky" *Columbia*



On the Cover

"I enjoyed the success of *Born in the U.S.A.*, but by the end of it, I just kind of felt 'Bruced' out. I was like, 'Whoa, enough of that!' You end up creating this icon and eventually it oppresses you - this macho thing. In the end, the only thing you can do is destroy it."

—Bruce Springsteen

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Top 40 Albums

- Nas**
Life Is Good *Def Jam*
- Zac Brown Band**
Uncaged *Roar/Southern Ground/Atlantic*
- Kidz Bop Kids**
Kidz Bop 22 *Razor & Tie*
- Frank Ocean**
Channel Orange *Odd Future/Def Jam*
- Justin Bieber**
Believe *RBMG/Schoolboy/Island*
- Phil Collins**
...Hits Face Value
- One Direction**
Up All Night *Syco/Columbia*
- The Dark Knight Rises**
Soundtrack *WaterTower*
- Adele**
21 *XL/Columbia*
- Maroon 5**
Overexposed *A&M/Octone*
- Bruno Mars**
Doo-Wops & Hooligans *Elektra*
- Pierce the Veil**
Collide With the Sky *Fearless*
- Chris Brown**
Fortune *RCA*
- Linkin Park**
Living Things *Machine Shop*
- Katy Perry**
Teenage Dream *Parlophone/Capitol*
- Kenny Chesney**
Welcome to the Fishbowls *Blue Chair/Columbia (Nashville)*
- Usher**
Looking 4 Myself *RCA*
- Luke Bryan**
Tailgates & Tanlines *Capitol Nashville*
- Hellyeah**
Band of Brothers *Eleven Seven*
- Maybach Music Group Presents: Self Made 2**
Various Artists *Maybach/Def Jam*
- Old Crow Medicine Show**
Carry Me Back *ATO*
- Matisyahu**
Spark Seeker *Fallen Sparks*
- The Lumineers**
The Lumineers *Dualtone*
- Shinedown**
Amaryllis *Atlantic*
- fun.**
Some Nights *Fueled by Ramen*
- Carrie Underwood**
Blown Away *19/Arista Nashville*
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- Eric Church**
Chief *EMI Nashville*
- Tremonti**
All I Was *Fret12*
- NOW 42**
Various Artists *Universal/EMI/Sony Music*
- R. Kelly**
Write Me Back *RCA*
- Nicki Minaj**
Pink Friday: Roman Reloaded *Young Money/Cash Money*
- KB**
Weight & Glory *Reach*
- Gotye**
Making Mirrors *Samples 'N' Seconds/Fairfax*
- Of Monsters and Men**
My Head Is an Animal *Universal Republic*
- Baroness**
Yellow and Green *Relapse*
- Jason Aldean**
My Kinda Party *Broken Bow*
- Hank Williams Jr.**
Old School New Rules *Bocephus/Blaster*
- Citizen Cope**
One Lovely Day *Reinwater*
- Fiona Apple**
The Idler Wheel... *Clean Slate/Epic*



Still III

Nas reflects on divorce, parenting and middle age on *Life Is Good*, his most personal LP in years. After a string of hot singles, it sold 149,000 copies in Week One.



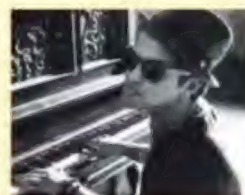
Zac Attack

Years of hard touring have paid off for the Zac Brown Band. Their breezy third LP debuted at Number One, selling 312,000 copies in its first two weeks on shelves.



Ocean Voyage

Ocean's sales have been strong after he surprised fans with a blog post about his sexuality: The singer's debut LP has sold 185,000 copies so far.



Life on Mars

Mars' 2010 debut soared 124 spots after Amazon slashed its price to 99 cents - a deal that also boosted sales for Phil Collins and Demi Lovato LPs.

00 Chart position on July 25th, 2012
00 Chart position on July 18th, 2012
NEW New Entry
JND Re-Entry
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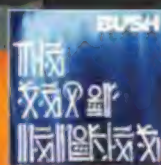


Bush's new album,
"The Sea Of Memories"
is now available.

www.bushofficial.com

BUSH

PERFORMED LIVE AUGUST 2 // TAMPA, FL
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PEERING THROUGH A PUB WINDOW, WATCHING A PUNK BAND.

"I think the impact of that, seeing them playing and the interaction with the audience... That felt like something I wanted to do, too." Bush frontman Gavin

Rossdale realized early on that avoiding the "traditional rat race everyone else was involved with" was the goal. Exposure to working musicians' lifestyles as an informal roadie for his sister's boyfriend's band, solidified his decision to pursue music for himself. In fact, after finishing school, he admits "I was left with so few things that I could do, I found music was the one thing I wanted to do, loved to do and could do." Reggae and dance music were dominant genres in Rossdale's world as he was coming up, but it was pure rock that he responded to: "I loved the idea that with rock music, you could

have a legitimate complaint, and you could primal scream it. That is your job, that is your outlet." Rossdale has something of an unorthodox take on how to evolve as an artist: "Sometimes your faults and defects are the most interesting things about you, and make you stand apart." He says that from a self-awareness point of view, advising emerging artists to embrace their inner fire, to follow their instincts and to acknowledge a certain learning curve. "We all start out sort of rubbish," he says, "and most people won't hang in, and believe in you, so believe in yourself." On Bush today: "The four

people we have now, I'm really happy with and I'm living in the moment." It's a good moment, indeed, as the band recently hit with a number one single on the active rock charts that was "wildly beyond my expectations," he acknowledges. "Sonic perfection," is how Rossdale describes the original "Come Together," the song the band choose as their Jim Beam® Live Music Series cover. But they change up the riff just enough to maintain familiar elements while remaining respectful. "It's a song that is in a lot people's DNA," he says. "It makes people happy and that makes it so much fun to play."



Download Train's new album, "California 37" and catch them out on tour this summer.

www.savemesanfrancisco.com

TRAIN

PERFORMING LIVE **AUGUST 18** // PHILADELPHIA, PA
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HEARING YOUR SONG ON THE RADIO FOR THE FIRST TIME.

"I guess that is when we thought it could really happen," says Train lead singer Pat Monahan. "We were on our first tour and heard 'Meet Virginia' on the radio. We

were like, 'Yeah, we just showed up!'" Train describes their journey to rock success as having begun as baby steps, and that they, like so many other bands, went through a period of doubt. "But then things happened quickly," notes Monahan. That's because the group, when faced with a pass from a record label they thought was a sure thing, dug deep, pooled their resources, put out their own record, started selling it at shows ... and one year later, signed that deal. "It was a blessing in disguise," says guitarist Jimmy Stafford, of the short setback. "We were not ready. We needed to grow. And

we did over that year." Train remains grateful of their success and believe in fan payback. Sometimes that takes the form of surprising someone with tickets to a sold out show, but mostly they hope it happens through their music: "Our success has allowed us to go places we've never been before," according to Monahan, "and the response is overwhelmingly positive. Now, we've shown our gratitude by making an even better record for our fans." "Ramble On," the cover song the group chose for the Jim Beam® Live Music Series, is a serious favorite: "It is a song we have done for years. It's part of our

repertoire, our history," says Monahan. The entire band admits the more they play it, the more it transforms. And it is always a crowd pleaser. "That song has moved a lot of people. No matter what country we're in, people know it and they love it."

